

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 3, 1962 25 CENTS

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How about a Schlitz?

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Next week

PRO FOOTBALL, more popular now than ever before, begins the 1962 season next week, in a special section, Tex Maule reports on Cleveland's controversial coach, Paul Brown, who may have his finest team in years. Detroit's star kicker, Yale Lary, reveals the intricate ways of a pro punter and, in 13 pages of scouting reports, Sports ILLUSTRATION analyzes the strengths and weaknesses of the 22 NFL and AFL teams. But all is not football. There will be an article on North Carolina's lovely Pinehurst, site of this year's U.S. Amateur golf championship and, in color, the best of this fall's spectacular sports-wear, as well as the regular weekly features and columns.



POINT OF FACT

A Thoroughbred racing quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the \$2 bettor and the armchair expert

? When was bookmaking introduced in the U.S.?

• Bookmaking was introduced when James E. Kelley of New York opened a winter book on the Belmont Stakes of 1871. Until then, bets were made between individuals, with or without stakeholders and auction pools.

? When was pari-mutuel wagering started?

• The pari-mutuel method of wagering was devised by Pierre Oller in Paris in 1872. Oller had lost money through his inability to make a "line of prices" that would beat the public, so he devised the system of self-regulating odds to insure a profit. Oller used hand-operated tally machines to register wagers. A New Zealander mechanized the pari-mutuel method a few years later, and in 1913 the first electric machine was made. At various times between the discovery of pari-mutuels and 1908, the system was tried at American racetracks, but in each instance the bookmakers opposed it out. In 1902 Louisville's Mayor Charles Granger gained the controlling interest in Churchill Downs. Two days before the running of the 1908 Derby, a reform sheriff of a rival political faction threatened to close the track unless the bookies who operated there illegally were ousted. To save the Derby, the track's manager, Matt Winn, renovated six old "clickers" and reintroduced pari-mutuel wagering (it had been legalized in Kentucky several years before). The Derby was run without incident and, not long after, pari-mutuels caught on in other states. New York, however, did not legalize this type of betting until 1940.

continued

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Minneapolis, Minn.	Pick-Nicolet		

7 a) What is a handicap? b) What is regarded as the greatest feat in handicapping in modern times?

a) A handicap is a race in which a track official, usually the racing secretary, specifies the weight to be carried by each horse entered. The purpose of handicapping is to give all starters equal opportunity to win. The better the horse, the more weight he is assigned.

b) On June 10, 1944 three horses—Browne, Bonsolet and Wait A Bit—dead-heated for first in the Carter Handicap, run at Aqueduct. The racing secretary, John B. Campbell, had assigned 127 pounds to Bonsolet, 118 pounds to Wait A Bit and 115 pounds to Browne. This is the only time in the history of racing when there was a triple dead heat in a handicap.

7 a) What is a claiming race? b) What is the most famous claimer in history?

a) A claiming race is one in which each owner places a price on his horse at the time of entry. Anyone who has started a horse at the meeting can "claim" (purchase) any of the entrants at the predetermined price. If the claimed horse is injured or killed during the race, the purchaser must still pay for and dispose of the animal. But if the claimed horse earns any money in the race, this is credited to the former owner.

b) The most famous claimer in history is Syme, the horse Hirsch Jacobs claimed from King Ranch on June 2, 1943 for \$1,500. Syme, then a 2-year-old, went on to win 35 races and \$918,485 racing in Mrs. Jacobs' colors. On four occasions he beat King Ranch's Triple Crown champion, Assault.

7 What horse is the world's leading money winner?

• Round Table won more than any other horse—\$1,749,869. He won 43 of his 66 races. Nashua, who was purchased for \$1,251,200 at the end of his 3-year-old year, won 22 of his 30 races and \$1,288,565. Citation is the only other horse to win over a million dollars. He was the first to do it, and he earned money in all but one of his 45 starts (32 wins, \$1,085,760 total earnings).

7 Has any stable won more than \$1 million in purses in a single year?

• Only two have—Calumet Farm and the C. V. Whitney stable. Calumet won more than a million on six occasions (1947, 1948, 1949, 1952, 1956 and 1957). Whitney topped the million mark in 1960.

—PAT RYAN



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SCORECARD

NEWPORT NEWS

Our lead story this week, beginning on page 10, deals with sporting events in Newport, R. I. On page 18 we describe the sorry state of bookmaking, especially in Newport, Ky. Starting on page 22 is an extended report on the beach explosion in Newport, Calif. If anything much was happening in Newport, Ore. we missed it.

BAD BUSINESS

The Associated Press report of the first fatality of the 1962 football season reached the desk of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* football editor last week with a note scribbled across it saying, "... now it begins." The reference was to the related facts that a score of young men died playing football last year, that much publicity was given to this unhappy facet of the country's traditional autumn sport and that the same thing was going to happen this year.

We neither condemn football for these deaths nor exonerate it. It is a rough sport, and many boys play it. Inevitably some are damaged and, tragically, some die. Statistics are cold and comfortless if you are on the wrong end of the statistic, but we sincerely believe that the fatalities in football are very close to a negligible minimum. Over 6,000 Americans drowned last year, for example; only 20 died playing football.

Injuries are another thing. Too many boys are hurt playing football, and not enough effort has gone into a study of preventive measures. Too, the great majority of these injuries are at the high school level, which brings us back to the Associated Press story. The 15-year-old boy who died collapsed after football practice. Football practice? In the middle of August? In high school? Of course. It's routine in many schools. Football is very important.

For years now, critics have charged that football is overemphasized in college. Perhaps it's time to redirect that criticism at the greater offender, at the high schools with misguided booster clubs, school boards, faculties and coach-

ing staffs who place victory in football above everything else, including the health and well-being of the kids in their charge.

RIDERS IN THE SKY

Everybody's trying to get on Telstar, and therefore it is no surprise that the promoters of the Laurel International horse race on turf for foreign and domestic Thoroughbreds should make their pitch. Joseph Cascarella, executive vice-president at Laurel, who goes to Moscow, and would, like the Emperor Henry IV, go to Canossa if necessary to promote his cause, has started negotiations for an international telecast of the Laurel International of 1964 via Telstar.

Racing, unlike cricket or baseball, needs no captions or explanations, so Cascarella thinks it's ideal for international television, and, too, he points with pride and justice to the fact that horse-players are universal.

THEY SAID IT

- Nestor Chylak, American League umpire: "If Early Wynn was pitching every day I was behind the plate, I'd rather join the Russian Army."
- Earl Gros, Green Bay rookie fullback: "In college a football player has a sophomore year to sit back and watch the other guys work, and you learn lots. In the pros either you make the grade in your first year or you flunk out."
- Lindsey Nelson, who was let off free after being stopped by a traffic cop for speeding: "I said I was a broadcaster for the New York Mets, and he said, 'Buddy, you've got enough troubles.'"
- Jerry Norton, retired St. Louis Cardinal punting specialist: "The American Football League has not only made more jobs available but it has lengthened the playing career of the average pro from around 1½ years to nearer five years. It's a better deal for a youngster out of college trying to decide whether to try pro football or not."
- Fritz Maisel, former Yankee scout and present part-time Oriole scout, on getting award as Catonsville, Md.'s "Citizen of

the Year": "I know I should say I don't deserve it, but I don't deserve neuritis either, and I've got both."

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, 1962

Britons don't mind a little good-natured teasing about school ties, blood pudding and weather, but they object to anyone who trifles with their birds. In London recently a 100-page report in *British Birds*, an ornithological journal of international repute, concluded that more than 500 reported sightings of five species of rare birds in England were "completely fraudulent." The effect: as if Winston Churchill had held up crossed fingers instead of the familiar V.

British feathers were ruffled further by revelation that 32 of 49 rare species recorded between 1903 and 1916 may actually have arrived in the country dead and on ice. Collectors paid up to £50 for such specimens, thinking them native.

Throughout the Commonwealth shocked bird watchers braced themselves for the denouement of a rapidly unfolding scandal. If ornithological suspicions prove correct, a long-dead taxidermist,



George Bristow of Sussex, may in time be charged with the most ingenious hoax since Lady Godiva chickened out on that ride she is supposed to have taken.

Bristow specialized in the sale of skins of rare birds—like the slender-billed curlew, the masked shrike and the gray-rumped sandpiper. Common in other parts of the world, these were unknown in Britain until the period between 1903 and 1916, when Bristow and friends seemingly began to sight and shoot them all over the Hastings area of Sussex. Enthusiastic private collectors and museum curators flocked to Hastings, but their

continued

luck was as consistently bad as Bristow's was good. As the town's fame grew, so did Bristow's skin game.

In recent years more thoughtful bird fanciers have wondered about Bristow's peculiar talent for sighting rare birds. A major analysis of the "discoveries" was undertaken. The resultant report does not accuse Bristow in so many words but it might just as well. The sightings at Hastings, it concludes, were "statistically impossible" and "cannot be other than false."

So much for the habitat of the gray-rumped sandpiper.

CRACKLING SEAS

The racing yachts that compete for the America's Cup (see page 10) are splendid reminders of the glorious dead world of sailing ships, but we are obliged to report that these aristocrats of the sea are slowly succumbing to the ravages of modern science. Stately pine masts have long since been supplanted by hollow aluminum; cotton and hemp have given way to Dacron and nylon; wooden blocks are now plastic, even lovely wooden hulls are coated with special resins and epoxy. The latest scientific product to go racing for the cup is high-frequency radio. The air off Newport is not only brisk and fresh from the Atlantic but crackling with conversation.

The Australian challenger *Gretel* and *Vim*, her trial-horse companion, have a four-way wireless system connecting, electronically, the two yachts and their two tenders, *Sara* and *Offsider*. An eavesdropper might hear "*Gretel* to *Vim*, *Gretel* to *Vim*. Come in, *Vim*." Someone on *Vim* leaves the cockpit, goes below to the radio and answers, "*Vim* here. Come in, *Gretel*." *Gretel* then delivers herself of some important announcement like "What say, *Vim*, when we round the next mark let's stop for lunch."

A less pungent message might come from *Sara* in the clipped accents of Sir Frank Pucker, owner of *Gretel*, who observes with a keen eye the tactics and maneuvers of the two boats: "*Sara* to *Gretel*, *Sara* to *Gretel*, the wind is freshening, what weight jib are you carrying?" *Gretel* answers she is carrying a 7½-ounce jib. Sir Frank then requests *Offsider* to report on the wind. *Offsider* says the wind is 12 knots. Sir Frank informs *Gretel* the wind is 12 knots, and perhaps a heavier jib might be in order. *Gretel* replies that her 7½-ounce jib is

good for 14 knots of wind. Sir Frank is still dubious: "Who says that jib is good for 14 knots?" And the reply comes back, polite, courteous, but firm, "The sailmaker says so." Somewhat rebuffed, Sir Frank tells *Vim* her man is sagging. *Vim* promptly tightens the halyard, the sag disappears and racing resumes.

Yet electronics, like all inventions, has its drawbacks. The escape that once was sailing has been curtailed by an ever-present voice. But even the synthetics and the alloys, the resins and epoxies have their limitations. Water is still water, and a 69-foot boat is still only 69 feet long. It can go only as fast as its maximum potential speed, which is some 10 to 12 knots, and nothing can make it go any faster—except an engine. They haven't got to that yet.

HIGH COST OF POLLUTION

Last autumn the Pennsylvania State Justice Department brought suit against the Glen Alden Mining Co. for polluting the Susquehanna River and killing 116,280 fish (SI, Nov. 6). The state asked damages of \$58,504.50. Last week, in an historic landmark in conservation activity, the state's Justice Department accepted \$45,000 from Glen Alden in an out-of-court settlement. It was the largest amount ever paid in a pollution case. The money will be used to rehabilitate the portion of the Susquehanna that was damaged by the mine waste.

DU QUOIN FOREVER

Margorie Lindheimer Everett, the racing lady of Chicago (SI Aug. 20), who puts on the world's richest race for Thoroughbreds next week—the \$350,000 Arlington-Washington Futurity—is now dickering for the Hambletonian so she can also put on the richest race for trotters. Marjorie is offering to add \$100,000 to the Hambletonian purse and run it at Washington Park in Chicago. We're sure Marjorie Everett would do a good job with the Hambo, but we hope she doesn't get it.

This week The Hambletonian Society meets in Du Quoin, Ill., where the race will be run this year and next, to decide whether to keep it there longer, or give it to a group from Indianapolis, or give it to Marjorie Everett, or send it back to Goshen, N.Y. We hope they vote to stay in Du Quoin. If they don't, it will be a curious reward for Don and Gene Hayes, who have staged and promoted the race magnificently at their huge and colorful Du Quoin State Fair since 1957. The

only real knock on Du Quoin is that it does not have the plush hotel accommodations of a big city. Hambletonian visitors are obliged to use motels and country rooming houses in the vicinity. But this objection would sound curious coming from Hambletonian Society members, who often have expressed pride in their sport's rural origins and have declared their determination to perpetuate its country-fair traditions. The Society's members should realize that they will demean their sport if they put up its most important race to the highest bidder every few years.

Stay put, gentlemen.

FOR NOW, ANYWAY

A couple of weeks ago we told of the defection of two Texas high school football players from Texas Tech (they had signed letters of intent) to the University of Oklahoma (the grass—or something—seemed greener on the other side of the border). Now the more prominent of the two boys, Johnny Agan, an all-state half-back last year, has reversed his field again and is going to Tech after all. His father arranged a meeting between the boy and Tech football coach J. T. King. The two met and talked and, according to a college news release, the pair "shook hands on our agreement for him to enroll this fall on an athletic scholarship." Agan was not available for comment, but was quoted in the release as saying, "I feel greatly relieved to stick by my earlier agreement with Texas Tech. My future is in Texas."

DUCKS IN LOUISIANA

Rumors that Louisiana duck hunters and state game department men would defy the new and strict federal waterfowl hunting regulations apparently are untrue (for one thing, the Louisiana marshland has a very heavy concentration of federal game agents during the season), but it is no rumor that both hunters and officials are sore about the restrictions. They insist that no matter what spring and summer surveys showed about the duck populations in Canada more ducks wintered in Louisiana marshes last year than at any time in the past 20 years. Hunters say that in the last two or three years large numbers of ducks have stayed there after the winter season and that the state had a respectable duck population all summer. They argue that the upper Mississippi flyway may be short of ducks but the Southern end is loaded with them. **END**

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READY FOR 'GRETEL'

Sweeping across these pages, with Emil (Bus) Mosbacher at the helm, is the boat that will defend the America's Cup. This dramatic picture was taken at Newport last week as "Weatherly" won five of six races and defeated her last rival, "Neferitti." Earlier she had eliminated the former defender, "Columbia." Now Mosbacher and his crew have a fortnight to prepare to meet the Australian challenger, "Gretel." On the following pages Sports Illustrated presents the first photographs ever made aboard "Gretel" under sail. They are the work of Yachting Editor Carleton Mitchell, who has sailed on all seven modern America's Cup boats and is the only qualified American to be invited aboard the challenger. With his pictures Mitchell offers an account of what it is like to sail on "Gretel" and an appraisal of what Mosbacher must face when he sails against her.







ALEST CREWMEN (above) spring to coffee grommets to pull big grommets out of the water off bow as *Gretel* comes about on starboard tack.

TRIM DECK PLAN is seen below despite seeming tangle of lines as *Gretel*'s crewmen take their proper places for careful weight balance.



'GRETTEL': DRIVING TO WINDWARD IN A RAIL-DOWN BREEZE

by CARLETON MITCHELL

The final trials to name a defender of the America's Cup moved to a climax with a dispatch that rocked the fleet anchored off Newport. They were over before many thought they had really begun. Nonetheless, the majority of on-lookers who had followed the races, first with *Columbus* and *Enterprise* and finally with *Nefertiti*, agreed that *Weatherly* was the best American boat—partly in personal tribute to the mastery of Bus Moshbacher at the helm.

Weatherly had demonstrated herself without peer in light and moderate breezes, but—and this could be an important "but" in the sometimes heavy winds of September—there were some who felt she had not sufficiently proved herself in the opposite conditions. At some point on the wind-velocity scale the speed curves of the two boats would cross—the assured slipperiness of *Weatherly* in lull air versus the assumed power of *Nefertiti* in a blow. A defender should be at her best in average conditions, and many felt this could only be assessed through performance in various weights of breeze, sadly missing the three final days. Although the score stood 3-0 in favor of the blue Mercer sloop, there had been only one race, three repeated in virtually identical conditions of light airs and calm seas.

On the other hand, *Weatherly* had looked very well in her last encounter with *Columbus*, when she had delivered the coup de grace to the former champion in winds of 18 to 22 knots. Four summers ago similar conditions had been known as "Columbus weather," yet this time it was *Weatherly* that stood up straight and drove to windward with speed and power, while *Columbus* plunged and sagged off to leeward. A day earlier, *Weatherly* in even stronger winds and a rougher sea had given a good account of herself against *Nefertiti*, being only seconds astern at the weather mark. Certainly, *Weatherly* could not be said to have gone badly at any point on the wind scale.

The same was not true of *Nefertiti*. Not since the lamentable performance of *Siege* had there been such disparity in vessels of the 12-meter class as during the final three days. Only a wind shift the first day, which turned a twice-around windward-leeward race into three reaches, saved her from a supreme embarrassment, and on the next two the gods were not so kind. Her margin of defeat was four minutes 41 seconds on Friday and five minutes 39 seconds the last day, adding up to a lot of blue water. Almost universal was the feeling that no amount of ability in strong winds could counterbalance defeat by *Gretel* in the light going that, on the record of past meteorological conditions, is almost certain to occur at some point during the cup matches in mid-September.

Now *Weatherly* has ample time to prepare for her defense against *Gretel*, probably by workouts alone and against the three eliminated boats. Yet missing will be the element that has previously appeared to be one of the greatest

American assets: competition right down to the wire, everything depending on the outcome of each race. This time the defender and challenger will pursue similar training schedules against trial horses.

The elimination of *Columbus* was a bit of a shock to the Australians. "Fancy having to go against something faster," commented one of *Gretel*'s crew as the Australian boat and her trial horse, *Vim*, met for a practice match last Wednesday.

On the way out of Newport harbor there had been a cockpit discussion about the proper weight of genoa. Wind spilled from a dark cloud hanging over Castle Hill, but it seemed calm beyond. Helmsman Jack Sturrock ordered a 4.5-ounce jib hanked to the stay. Yet it soon became apparent that the wind was becoming general, filling in from a sullen sky to the northeast. So an 8-ounce jib was readied instead, as the clipped accents of Sir Frank Pucker sounded from the radio loudspeaker in the navigator's compartment, setting a course.

Near the Texas Tower being built to replace Brenton Reef lighthouse, *Vim* waited for us like a circling osprey ready to pounce. For me there was a moment of nostalgic recognition to see her on the starting line, complete even to the Hood mainsail she carried during her historic battles with *Columbus* in '58—a still-beautiful sail that had been carefully preserved for these climactic practice sessions.

Sir Frank intoned a countdown by seconds five minutes before the start so that watches could be synchronized, taking station with his motor cruiser *Sora* at the other end of the line. After a little preliminary jockeying, jibs were broken out with a minute to go, and both boats hit the line almost on the dot, parallel, but with *Gretel* to windward, although alternate Australian helmsman Archie Robertson had *Vim* moving at full speed in clear air.

It was what I had hoped to watch, the Australian-designed-and-built *Gretel* against tried and true *Vim* in the conditions I consider the ultimate test of sailing: driving to windward in a rail-down breeze and lumpy sea. For months I had heard conflicting rumors about the relative merits of the two boats, and now I was having the opportunity of seeing for myself, sliding down the steeply sloped cockpit to peer under the mainsail, cold salt water splashing in my face as *Gretel* sliced through. And from the first there was no doubt about the challenger's superiority. Steadily the gap between the two hulls widened laterally until—after some four miles of sailing—Navigator Terry Hammond reported a stadimeter reading that, allowing for the angle of heel, *Vim* was 500 yards to leeward, a most impressive margin. "Let's make it a half mile," muttered Jack Sturrock from the wheel.

Archie Robertson tacked first, passing well astern, was

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to be continued on page 35

AMERICA'S CUP *continued*





Australian co-skipper Jack Sturrock, his hair disheveled in the angry air, strains at the helm as "Greta" heels over during practice match with "Vim." Multifloated device in foreground is lightweight mainmast horse, which adjusts to help in easing and brimming mainsail.

CONTINUED

covered by Sturrock, tacked again when short of the mark and was covered once more. But as both boats made the final hitch for the buoy off Sakonnet Point a wind shift wiped out much of *Gretel's* windward advantage by lifting *Vim* onto the weather quarter, while a fouled jib sheet on the jibe at the turn cost more distance. Thus a new race started on the downwind leg. *Vim* only a couple of lengths astern. Again the challenger was more than able to hold her own. Despite the fact that *Gretel* carried a Down Under chute that bore no resemblance to *Vim's* lovely Hood spinnaker except for its red-and-white color combination, the challenger slowly crept ahead, both boats close to maximum hull speed. When Archie Robertson sharpened up in a final, desperation gamble to blanket *Gretel* but failed to cut her wind, *Gretel* spurted ahead to win by several lengths.

To me the victory was more decisive than the distance apart indicated because of the difference in the sails being carried by the two boats. The experience of everyone connected with the revived America's Cup competition indicates that drive aloft is perhaps the most important single factor governing speed through the water, granted reasonably matched hulls and competent helmsmanship. During our practice session *Gretel* carried a mainsail too long on the foot and much too full in cut for the weight of wind, a jib that could not hold its shape and a spinnaker that was narrow aloft by any standards. *Vim* used a full complement of American sails, all by Ted Hood, all coming close to aerodynamic perfection. Had *Gretel* been similarly equipped, her superiority undoubtedly would have been greater. In this connection, it is interesting and important to note that the Australians will be allowed to use American sails in the cup matches. Held in reserve at the moment is a new Ratsey mainsail, checked out as excellent in heavy winds, and a Hood mainsail is on order, while Hood jibs and spinnakers are already in the Aussie locker.

Although sails are of paramount importance, the downfall of former champion *Columbia* and the revitalization of underdog *Wrentham* in the trials this summer illustrate the delicate balance of factors that govern performance in the complex 12-meter class, as well as the difficulty of making predictions. Olin Stephens thought that changes made in *Columbia* since her triumphant campaign culminating in the defeat of *Screeper* would be for the better but in any case were so minor that they could have influenced speed only by fractional seconds per mile. Yet the former defender now bears almost no resemblance to the powerhouse of yore, trailing *Easterner* and *Wrentham* to the windward mark on successive days before her elimination. Thus any evaluation of a boat should include many factors, including helmsman, crew and the myriad details that must add up to near perfection.

To the casual onlooker *Gretel* is a shapely vessel, nicely proportioned, without any freakish characteristics. Designer Alan Payne accorded Naval Architect Bill Luders the unusual privilege of examining and comparing the blue-printed lines from which *Gretel* was built. To Luders' expert eye the Australian challenger has "midships sections somewhat similar to *Vim's*, but the bow sections are flatter into more of a U, while the stern is slightly blunder." *Gretel* adds up, in Luders' opinion, to a "good all-around

boat, probably at her best in fresh winds—15 to 18 knots and over." As an afterthought he says: "If she doesn't do well it shouldn't be the designer's fault."

And if determination and hard work are enough, any failure of *Gretel* to measure up in the big test won't be a fault of Sir Frank Packer or the crew, either. Rarely have I sailed with so responsive a group, ready to jump to the slightest command after hiking over the side for the entire weather leg, soaked to the skin even before the start, alternately raked by spray and wind possessing the chill, keen edge of autumn. "They're tough personally and tough competitors," avows Eric Olsen, U.S. representative in the Sharpie class to the Olympic Games of 1956, who remained in Melbourne for local racing. "Anyone who sails in Australia is accustomed to dealing with heavy weather conditions. They are good solid seamen, not Sunday afternoon sailors—which can be important off Newport, especially in late September. And all have done some helming, so they know what to anticipate from the cockpit." Olsen evaluates Jack Sturrock, who won an Olympic bronze medal for Australia in the 5.5s, as a "cool competitor, with an unemotional poker-face approach, thinking ahead and analyzing tactical situations before they develop—the kind of man who could give us a good match race."

Continuing experience has dictated changes in *Gretel*, altering the deck layout pictured in the July 9 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Most important, the steering wheel has been moved into the after cockpit, formerly occupied by crewmen operating the backstay winches. Now the helmsman is checked off aft by himself, as in *Nefertiti*. Backstays are handled from the main cockpit. Another major alteration is elimination of the mainsheet coffee grinder and the complex mechanism below deck that spooled the wire mainsheet. Now the sheet is of braided Dacron, led to a Barrett winch. Still in use are the tandem coffee grinders for trimming headsails, which can be linked together by throwing a lever so that the total strength of four men at the handles can be directed to one drum, while on the American boats it is necessary to lead the sheet around two drums to attain the same power. Time is inevitably lost in taking the double turns. I was impressed by *Gretel's* tacking, also by the handling of the spinnaker sheet on a hard reach.

When the defender and challenger come together September 15 much more will be at stake than the ornate bit of Victorian silverware now resting on its pedestal at the New York Yacht Club. In sporting history few other trophies have inspired such outlays of money and effort, and such win by America in the past has built up pressure on the defender "not to be the first to lose the cup." Similar pressure builds on the challenger. During our sail a *Gretel* crewman commented: "Being another *Screeper* is the great Australian nightmare." It is a nightmare that is not likely to materialize. *Gretel* seems an able, workmanlike craft, well thought out for varying winds, well sailed. The planning is thorough, the effort is great despite the odds, the level of sportsmanship is the highest. The outcome of the race may—quite literally—be up in the air.

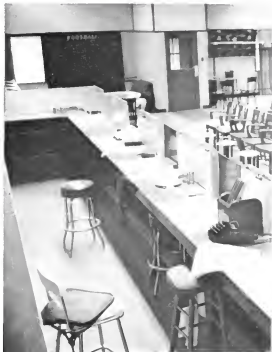
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ALL-OUT EFFORT by *Gretel* crewmen hiking over side in practice race with *Vim* shows intensity of Australia's challenge for the cup.



by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Hamstrung by Bobby Kennedy's laws against interstate traffic in gambling, the illegal horse parlor is vanishing, and betting on the other sports is on the way down



THE BOOKIES CLOSE UP SHOP

In 1951, after all the whoop-do-do kicked up by the Kefauver investigations, the House of Representatives and Senate passed two antigambling laws. One required a bookmaker to buy a \$50 federal wagering stamp; the other called for a 10% tax on all bets. But inasmuch as few bookies either paid the tax or bought the stamp, the laws were a joke.

A year ago this month Congress, under prodding from Attorney General Robert Kennedy, took another crack at gambling. This time Congress passed three more bills. Altogether, they could be described as a Mann Act for bookmakers. They prohibit the sending of odds, wagers or gambling paraphernalia across state lines under maximum penal-

ty of a \$10,000 fine and/or two or five years in prison.

In view of the tax-stamp fiascos, it would have been reasonable to expect the government to come up a loser again. But the truth, as a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* survey shows, is that the new laws have succeeded surprisingly well. This is not to say that illegal gambling is dead—during the football season it is still possible to get down a \$5,000 bet on a game if you know the right person. However, bookmakers all over the country are up against it as they never have been before.

In the first 10 months since the laws were passed, the Federal Bureau of Investigation looked into 4,000 possible

violations. Of these, 809 cases were forwarded to the Department of Justice for further study. So far, 95 persons have been indicted and 11 convicted. Eleven out of 4,000 may seem a small number, but the key figure is 809, the FBI does not send on a case unless it is considered "hot."

Kefauver put the Continental Press Service, which furnished results to bookmakers, out of business. Now the new laws have put an end to Continental's illicit successors. Chief among these was Nola News in New Orleans, which closed down for good last fall. This year the Federal Government charged Tom F. Kelly, Tom F. Kelly Jr. and George Kelly of Chicago, scratch sheet publish-



BLEAK HORSE ROOM in a southern city, its chairs empty and odds boards blank, testifies to the effectiveness of the new federal laws.

ers, with shipping gambling information across state lines. The government argued that 80% of the sheets were going directly to hookmakers, and on July 31 the Kellys were convicted and fined \$5,000 each in Louisville. They are appealing on the grounds that the new laws specifically exclude "newspapers and other similar publications." The Kellys are also fighting a government attempt to cut off their race-result telephone service, which has handled up to 60,000 calls a day.

While off-track betting has declined, at-the-track betting has increased. Frank Pape, former Chicago police lieutenant, now chief of the Arlington-Washington Park police, says, "I think the lack of wire services has curbed activity. The old days of the big bookie giving you the call of the race to determine how you would bet the next race are over. It's made a big crimp in the operations, and, as a result, our mutuals are up consider-

ably even though attendance is about the same."

Other sports betting—baseball, football and basketball—has been cut sharply. Gil Beckley, the No. 1 bookmaker in the country for the last few years, was reduced to operating out of pay phones in Miami hotel lobbies last winter. This winter may be more continuing in October he goes to trial in federal court in New Orleans. Beckley's chief rival for bookmaking honors, Maurice (Red) Dodson, is wandering around seeking haven. He has left Birmingham and last week was in Las Vegas, where gambling is legal, looking for a home. One vendor of football parlay cards has already been sent to prison. Richard A. Styles of Toledo drew three years for transporting them across state lines.

The leading sports handicapper in the country are, shall we say, handicapped. Leo Hirschfeld, president of Athletic Publications, Inc., in Minneap-

olis, has quit. The so-called Minneapolis line is no more. Hirschfeld is using the company presser, which used to churn out football and basketball schedules, to print hunting and fishing books. The other top odds-making firm, Angel-Kaplan in Chicago, is about to go out of business. Bill Kaplan, the Runyon-esque founder of the firm who goes by such pseudonyms as Pugskin Pete, Patrick F. Gilhooly and Coach Goldberg, suffered a heart attack recently, what with all the wear and tear, and Don Angel, his partner, says he is putting out a daily baseball line "just to keep in." Says Angel, "We're just going to stick around for the World Series to make a price for some guys, then we're going to quit. You can't cross a state line, and it doesn't pay us to operate locally." There are simply not enough bookmakers in Chicago to make odds-making worthwhile.

In Miami, Chief Investigator Mike Peyton of the Dade County state's attorney's office says, "One thing you can say about the law, and that is that it really struck fear into the hookmakers." A year ago a sport could walk into any one of a hundred Miami stores or hotel cabanas to get down a bet. Now it is difficult to find a bookie. Only a few will take more than \$100 and horse odds have slumped from 20 to 8 and 4 to 15, 6 and 3. That is, the bookies will pay no more than 15 to 1 for a winning horse, 6 to 1 for place and 3 to 1 for show—alltime lows. Round robins, parlays and even the daily doubles are out.

Miami bookmakers have declined in quality as well as quantity. Says one bettor, "There used to be well, call it a sense of honor among bookmakers. But now there are nothing but rats left. If you do win, you take a chance on not collecting." This bettor is owed \$9,000 by two bookies. "This couldn't have happened a few years ago," he says. "If they didn't pay off then, there were people who would see that they did. Now there aren't."

Throughout the South the refrain is the same. Only a few bookies in New Orleans will take a \$100 bet on a horse, and in Hot Springs, Ark. the bookies operate on the sneak. In a town with two gambling casinos, the Vapors and the Southern Club, running wide open.

Up North the pattern persists. New

Continued

York bookmakers have taken to using telephone answering services to avoid tapped wires. In Washington it is possible to get a bet down across the street from the Justice Department, but police keep bookies on the run. "Anything is possible, but these operations are not as big as anyone would like to believe," says Deputy Chief Roy E. Blick of the metropolitan police. Recent raids have included a big one at the Pentagon, the Navy Department, Walter Reed General Hospital and the Old Soldiers Home.

A bookie isn't even safe these days in the traditionally wide-open towns in the Ohio River Valley. Evansville, Ind., which nurtured such gambling celebrities as Ray Ryan, the oilman, and Jammie (The Greek) Snyder, the Las Vegas handicapper, is dead, or close to it. In the late 1940s Evansville had 48 bookies handling anything. But that was all B.K.—Before Kefauver, Before Kennedy. After Kefauver, the number of books dipped to 20, but you could still get a sizable bet down. With Bobby Kennedy, the number has been cut to 10, all furtive "two-bit operations." Says an involuntarily retired Evansville bookmaker, "Kefauver was just looking for headlines. He hurt us, but we still made a living. This Bobby Kennedy is doing the job. Without a wire service, without a telephone, how can you make it? Everybody's afraid to call across the state line into Kentucky. Sometimes I've needed a result in Louisville. Well, I'd drive over to Henderson and call Louisville. But that's a 30-, 40-minute round trip. I had to have my information quicker than that."

"It's not like it was before the Kennedys put through that interstate law. Listen, Dan Topping, you know, the guy who owns the Yankees? Yeah, well, Topping had a friend in Evansville. Every day Topping used to call this friend and give him some horses. He played pretty good, I'm telling you. But no more. I guess Topping is afraid of the interstate law."

Evansville is so bad that during a recent card game at the Elks Club, a former golf pro said he would give any one of his brother Elks \$200 as a gift if he could make a \$200 bet on a horse for him.

"Here's \$400," said the pro, laying the

money on the table. "You book me \$200 on a horse here in Evansville, and you can keep the other \$200." A brother Elk tried to book the bet. It was late evening, and every bookie he called begged time until morning. They needed the time to lay off. Finally, not one would book his bet, and the golf pro wound up with the \$400 back in his wallet.

The ex-Evansville bookie has been looking for work in the Newport area, just across the river from Cincinnati. But there, in addition to government heat, George Ratterman, the ex-Notre Dame quarterback, is in office as reform sheriff.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL CONFIRMS SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S FINDINGS

Judging by all the evidence available to us the new anti gambling and racketeering laws have had an immediate and continuing effect in curtailing gambling profits. Not long after they were passed the operator of the major sports betting information wire service shut down, saying, "Too old to go to jail." Most of the other race wire services also have shut down and we are moving against the rest.

While there are no reliable statistics on the amount of illegal gambling in the United States, we do know that betting on football last fall dropped off sharply from 1960. And we know from a number of specific cases that there has been a drastic drop in the amount of money handled by individual large scale gamblers.

For example, we recently indicted the operator of a million dollar sport betting operation in a large eastern state on charges of violating the new laws. Our evidence shows that in April of 1960 he handled \$110,000 in wagers. In April 1961 the total was \$142,000. This year, following passage of the new anti gambling laws, the total was \$39,000.

So we have been able to make significant progress in the fight against organized crime. But it is essential that we make further progress. In my opinion, we need the additional anti racket legislation we have recommended to Congress. We need a complete awareness by all people of the serious threat posed by illegal gambling and other forms of organized crime.

It is indicative of Newport's present moral state that the Club Flamingo, a gambling joint run by "Sleep Out Louis" Levinson, is now a twist parlor. Unemployment among gamblers is so high that several months ago, the local fathers of Newport and next-door Covington went to Washington to ask for assistance as a depressed area. Of all things, they asked the government to locate an income-tax processing center in the vicinity.

"I tried to get on in Newport," says the bookie. "It was laughable. I tell you the town is dying. You think Evansville is clean, Newport is in a coma. I saw

this friend up there. He used to be in the numbers racket. He's out on bail now, but he's gonna do at least a year.

"The only action in town was a bongo game. It was going crazy with people, but it was for charity! I saw a sign in Newport. I swear to it. This big club was for sale. There's a sign on the front that read, 'For Sale—See George Ratterman.'

"They got big hotels in Newport worth maybe \$800,000. You can buy 'em today for \$200,000, but what would you do with 'em? You see, Newport depended on its out-of-town business, the business brought there by gambling. The shutdown has hurt everything in the town. Business people are screaming, everybody is dying. You heard of the Glenn Hotel? That's the place where Ratterman was framed with that striptease April Flowers. The Glenn has burned down. How lucky can they get?"

Internal Revenue Service figures bear out the clampdown on Newport. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1961 Kentucky bookmakers reported accepting \$7,650,000 in bets. In the fiscal year ending last June 30 that figure was cut to \$2 million. The drop can be directly attributed to Newport, whose bookies took in almost \$6 million of the \$7,650,000.

In Seattle, "a nickel-and-dime town," the situation is worse than ever. One horseplayer, trying to make a bet on the Kentucky Derby, couldn't find a bookie. He had to trust a friend to take the cash down to Portland to bet it. Clifford Winkler Jr., a Seattle horseplayer, says, "Suppose a fellow came to town and said, 'Here's \$200 on a horse at Longacres [the local track]. I'll give you \$100 of it, but I want you to bet it off the track so I can get a better price.' Well, buddy, there's no place to take him."

Of course, it is possible to bet legally in Nevada. But despite the clampdown elsewhere, betting on sports or horses will not grow appreciably in Vegas; the bettor must pay the 10% federal tax. Business is so bad that Jimmie The Greek, the last of the oddsmakers, plans to quit at the end of the year. There is not a book in town that isn't up for sale or losing money. One better Vegas bettor says, "They lost in Laos, they lost in Cuba, they lost in East Berlin, but they sure are giving the gamblers a beating." **END**



1949



1950



1951



1952



1953



1954



1955



1956



1957



1958



1959



1960



1961



1962



1963

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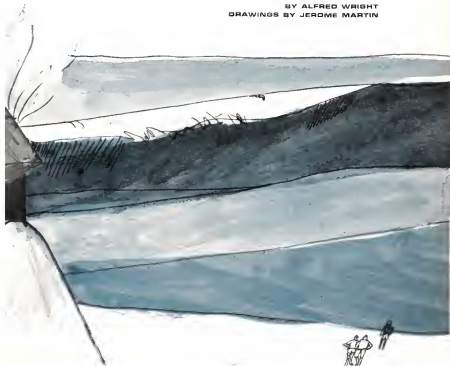
BOOM BEACH



ON THE BLUE PACIFIC

At the end of a day in Newport Beach, two fishermen head home along the jetty as four boats put out to sea—a fragment of quiet in the bustle that is to be found in a southern California summer. The rest of the Newport Beach landscape is like nowhere else on earth. Its bays and lagoons swarm with a fleet of 7,000 yachts, tugboats, Snowbirds and power cruisers. And home is more than likely on a \$100,000 lot that used to be a sandbar

BY ALFRED WRIGHT
DRAWINGS BY JEROME MARTIN





Until noon, when lifeguards whistle them in, the surfers are out if the waves are good.



After midday, when no boards are allowed, the surfers play touch football in the water.



By full moon, all gather to collect the tiny, delectable grunion as they swim in to spawn.

The early Spaniards called it Bolsa de Quigara, the bay with the high banks. During subsequent centuries it had several other names—Bolsa de San Joaquín, the Gospel Swamp and Port Orange. As the place began to bloom in the '20s, a few handsome yachts rode at their moorings in the shallow bay, and some comfortable, unpretentious beach houses sprouted out of the scrubby sand flats of the peninsula that separated the bay from the booming breakers of the Pacific Ocean. In those days it was getting to be quite the thing to go down to Newport Beach, as it was by then formally christened, for the weekend or the summer. It didn't attract rich Easterners the way Santa Barbara and Pebble Beach did, but it was a place good, solid southern Californians liked to take their kids for the holidays.

Now, some 30 to 40 years later, Newport Beach and its appendages of Balboa and Corona Del Mar comprise the most remarkable collection of mansions and bungalows, yachts and dinghies, pensioners and teen-agers, supermarket millionaires and lettuce pickers that could be shoehorned into a dozen square miles of seaside real estate and bright blue water on this or any other planet.

When you approach it from across the brown-baked upland mesas, it looks like nothing so much as a Cinerama version of Vacationland, U.S.A. You see the wide white beach stretching six miles along the southern California coastline. You see the solid quilting of houses built so close together that a housewife can borrow an extra TV dinner simply by sticking her arm out the kitchen window and into her neighbor's freezer. You see the occasional bone-bare masts of an enormous schooner reaching skyward from its mooring and the endless parade of sails of the little boats gliding up the narrow channels of the bay with only the triangle tips of their canvas visible above the rooftops. In the distance a tireless Ferris wheel revolves in the fun zone, and rising above all this is the friendly, shingled tower of the Balboa Pavilion, a relic of the early horseless carriage era and one of the few historic architectural landmarks remaining in this new and restless civilization.

You know you've reached Newport Beach when you arrive at the overpass

crossing U.S. Highway 101, the route that borders the Pacific Ocean from Mexico to Washington State. It was at this spot not long after the Kaiser's war that Mary Pickford showed up one day in her Stutz Bearcat and cut the ribbon to open the first substantial bridge across the mouth of the Santa Ana River, where it used to dump its floodwaters into Newport Bay. Alongside the bridge is a landmark of sorts—a Union Oil service station called The Arches that has been there since the early gas bugs first went wheezing past.

Beyond The Arches you begin the familiar drive down the five-mile spine of road that splits the Newport Beach peninsula. Familiar drive? Well, that's a bit of an exaggeration. The drive would be familiar only to those who had made it during the last twelvemonth, for Newport Beach has a way of changing face as rapidly as a repertory actor in the stocks.

Take that highly chromed shopping center on the left, for instance, just after you reach the first stoplight. It doesn't seem as if it has been there more than a couple of weeks. And what is that four-story checkerboard of red, white and blue squares down at the end of the row of stores—the grandstand for a new trotting track? No, that's the Newport Balboa Savings and Loan Association. It reminds you how far things have come since the night of the big bank robbery down here in 1912.

The famous heist was made by three obvious beginners when the only bank in town was a modest little frame shack. For a getaway, they swiped somebody's horse and buggy in the middle of the night and then tried to blow the bank's safe with dynamite. The first blast merely served to wake up half the town, including a couple of bartenders who rushed to the scene with their shotguns. The second blast was not much better, and the third blew down half the building, scattering cash throughout the debris. The robbers stuffed \$2,600 of the loot in the horse's feed bag, \$500 in their pockets and high-tailed out of there while the bartenders peppered away at them through the windows. They escaped with the haul and were never heard from again, and the only casualty was a local bystander who got a blast of buckshot in his back.



On summer weekends Highway 101 is jammed with cars headed for Newport's beaches and marinas. Favorite vehicle of surfers is a wooden-sided station wagon with rear doors removed.

That was Newport Beach in the days before the yachts arrived, and most of the boating fleet belonged to the commercial fishermen who brought albacore, bonito, halibut and sea bass into the little harbor cannery. Tooling on down the main street these days with the bay on your left—to the north—and the ocean on your right, you no longer see any water through the thickets of cheap frame cottages and lavish redwood ranch houses.

This was never much of a swimming

resort in the past, and the people who were afraid of the enormous breakers used to alibi that the surf was full of stungarees. But an intrepid new breed of Californian has put the lie to this fable. Now the ocean beach and the pounding waves are aswarm with surfers—hardy, handsome blond young men who look as if they had taken postgraduate degrees with Charles Atlas. It's a society as strictly compartmented as a beehive. The nobility are simply called surfers, and they ride their boards with a lordly disdain,

waiting for only the biggest waves and proving their worth and courage by executing the "10 over." That's when you stand on the bow of your board with all 10 toes curled over the front edge.

Next in the pecking order are the ho-daddies, whose bleached hair is just a little longer and blonder than the surfers', just a little more carefully coiled, but who spend very little time in the water. They have their eyes on the gremmie girls, the blondined and suntanned chicks who lie on the beach in their "shifts"

continued

(mumious cut off at the thighs) and gaze rapturously at the surfers. At the bottom of the order are the male gremmies, little fellows who hope someday to be surfers or hodaddies when they get bigger but are, in the meantime, just getting in everybody's way.

Surfing is very much the thing these days in California's adolescent society. There are many better places to do it than Newport Beach, but even so the area will have as many as 500 surfers on a fine summer weekend—so many in fact that the lifeguards have to blow the whistle on them at noon so they won't head the casual bathers.

The protected harbor waters of Newport Beach form an hourglass, roughly speaking. Just where the lower bay, called Balboa, begins to reach the narrows is the anachronistic Pavilion (see cover), standing today like an imperious dowager who once had to hock the family jewels to survive the bad days but has assumed a new majesty, heightened by age and memories. Some early pioneers built it on the bay's edge in 1904 as a bathhouse and boathouse, and in the enormous old ballroom on the second floor the great bandleaders of the '20s and '30s—Paul Whiteman and Abe Lyman among them—played California sweet music for the high school and college kids of that generation. It was here that the Balboa hop and so many other hep dances of the era originated. But in the late '20s the old pilings on which the Pavilion stands had begun to groan and complain, so they moved the dancing to the new Rendezvous Ballroom a couple of blocks away and abandoned the old ballroom to danceathons and walkathons and other, less frenetic, activities like badminton and bowling and pool and, finally, bingo.

From the Pavilion docks the sightseeing excursions used to leave on the hour with the rubbernecks, and the big fishing boats took their loads of sport fishermen out 40 and 50 at a time, just as they do today. In the good summer months when the albacore are running some 50 miles out to sea, you pay \$12.50 for a day's fishing on one of the Pavilion's two big boats, which set out just after midnight. For another \$1.50, if you

book ahead in time, you can reserve one of the 30 bunks and sleep aboard until you reach the good fishing waters at dawn. With luck the boat may bring in a hundred or more albacore weighing up to 40 pounds apiece.

From time to time there have been proposals to tear the Pavilion down, but in 1961 the Ducommun Realty Co. bought it and gradually, and with loving affection, brought it back to grandeur. Now cheerful Art Gronsky, a remnant of the old Balboa, runs the sightseeing and fishing excursions, and will rent or sell you just about anything you might need for boating or fishing. There is also a fine new glass-fronted restaurant overlooking Balboa Bay.

It is another couple of miles from the Pavilion to the two great stone jetties at the mouth of the harbor where the Newport Beach peninsula ends. Just as so much of the history of modern Europe has been dictated by coal and iron, so that of Newport Beach was written by the jetties. The shifting sands at the harbor entrance had virtually closed the bay to all but the most adventurous oceangoing traffic before the big stone breakwater was built early this century. Even then, the channel was narrow, and treacherous in heavy seas, and on some days enormous combers would seal off the entrance completely. As long ago as 1913 the yacht *Balboa* tried to brave the harbor entrance in a heavy sea with 17 of the city's leading citizens aboard. It was swamped by the breakers, and the alarm went out from a man who spotted the accident from the tower of the Pavilion, which in those days gave an unobstructed view of the entire peninsula. Duke Kahanamoku, the great Hawaiian swimmer, happened to be on the opposite shore for some surfing, and he and a friend paddled out on their surfboards to rescue many of the party.

Some years later the long, black-hulled schooner *Marie* was overturned by the heavy seas inside the jetty, and for two years she lay on her side on the beach in front of the house of King Gillette, the razor blade man. A Captain Eliason was probing around inside the hull one day and found himself in a life-and-death struggle with a 15-foot octopus that he finally subdued and put on display in a tank alongside the Pavilion.

It wasn't until the second jetty was built on the southern side of the channel, and the whole entrance dredged to 20 feet, that Newport Harbor was opened to the fabulous yachting boom that followed Hitler's war.

Sitting now on a sunny Sunday afternoon on the veranda of an oldtimer's bayside house in Balboa, you see much of the miraculous new scene spread before you like a gargantuan tapestry. The palisades across the bay to the east, where 30 years ago the cattle and horses of the Irvine Ranch grazed placidly, are a solid bank of modern architecture clinging to the side of a 100-foot cliff. You couldn't buy one of those houses for less than \$75,000 or even \$100,000. The rambling green house over there is the one that the late Myford Irvine built for himself a few years ago. It was sold recently to a 7-Up executive for \$600,000, which may well be the largest price ever paid for a single residence in the state of California.

The sand flats on which your sailboats occasionally went aground in the old days are gone now, and the deep-keeled oceangoing racers that sail to Acapulco and Honolulu pass unconcernedly

continued

The surfing flag is flying on the 38th Street beach, and gremmie girls and hodaddies are gathered to praise—or fault—a surfer's ride.





BOOM BEACH *continued*

over the sandbars in the middle of the bay where you once played softball and dug for cockles at low tide.

On a midsummer Sunday afternoon the Flight of the Snowbirds, some 200 thick, comes sailing past, a Newport-Balboa tradition as ceremoniously observed as the St. Patrick's Day parade on Fifth Avenue. You remember back in the '20s when a race among these little 14-foot catboats could scarcely round up 20 entrants.

"How much does a Snowbird cost?" you ask.

"About \$1,100," someone says, and you remember the \$150 check you so proudly took to the boatyard to buy your first one.

"Have you visited Lido Isle yet?" comes the question. "If you want to see what's really happened to this place you'd better go there." The last time

you were here it was just another sandbar in the middle of Newport, the Upper Bay.

Edgar Bergen, one of the many Hollywood celebrities who have found a summertime haven in Newport Beach, welcomes you to his house on Lido Isle. Bergen, along with his friends Walt Disney and David Rose and several others, is a steam engine buff, and he has put one in the S. S. *Poopalong*, a little Monterey fishing boat he bought several years ago. You chug quietly up the bay while Bergen stokes the furnace with a special smokeless coal imported from Wales. Everywhere you look, the bay front is a solid wall of houses, each with its dock jutting into the water and each dock with its yacht or two moored alongside.

Bergen shows you the "character boats," as they call them in Newport—

a Chinese junk, a perfect miniature replica of an old Mississippi sidewheeler, a Norwegian fishing vessel. This week, before Labor Day, some 50 of them will compete in the character-boat parade, when Bergen will con the *Poopalong* in his vintage admiral's costume.

Back on the front porch of his house, Bergen tells you a little of what life is like on Lido Isle. "It's something like Venice," he says. "All your friends go by in their boats, and you can wave to them in different ways. Just a friendly wave means hello, nice to see you. If you beckon, it means come in and have a drink. Then they tie up to your dock and come into the house. If they don't know you too well, they bring their own drinks from their boats."

"It's just astounding what's going on

About sunset, the Newport Outrigger Club crew practices on Balboa Bay for a late August race to Catalina Island.



here," Bergen added. "I read not so long ago that they sold almost as many boats as automobiles in southern California last year."

"That Lido Isle," said a real estate man the next day. "You wouldn't believe what's going on there. I remember back before the war I had a waterfront lot on Lido Isle to sell—60 front feet on the water—and I had a hell of a time getting rid of it for \$4,500. Now they're getting \$2,000 a front foot, and there aren't more than half a dozen bay-front lots left there, and they aren't for sale."

"But the place is changing from when you knew it," he went on. "After Labor Day there weren't more than a few people left in the whole area, and the whole summer population wasn't more than 5,000. Now we have a year-round population of 30,000 and only about 10,000 or 12,000 more who come just



The tugboat "Michigan" chugs cheerfully past Lido Isle at cocktail time.

for the summer. Some weekends, though, we'll have maybe 100,000 people here. You can commute to downtown Los Angeles in an hour, and we've got a lot of new electronics plants going up in the area.

"It's fabulous, it's really fabulous," the real estate man continued. "Just look at these figures here. Ten years ago the assessed valuation for Newport Beach was less than \$40 million. Today it's more than \$140 million. At 25¢ on the dollar that means the property values here come close to \$600 million."

"And the boats. Right now there are more than 7,000 boats of all kinds in the harbor. Those are official statistics. That's about \$75 million worth of yachts for 40,000 people. There's nothing like it anywhere else. Why, you couldn't buy the cheapest lot anywhere in the area—that would be a lot about 40 by 120—for less than \$15,000 or \$18,000. How do you like that?"

"Actually," said the real estate man, "we haven't got any more room here. The sewage system and the water system and the other facilities wouldn't handle much more traffic. And Alamitos Bay—that's the only other resort harbor between L.A. and San Diego—that's about full up, too, only not nearly so big as here. The new marinas will have to take over. Places like Playa Del Rey, Redondo Beach, Oceanside and Huntington Beach's new Huntington Harbour, which is currently advertising real estate on nine islands—for families in love with the water. And then there's Mis-

sion Bay down in San Diego, although that's a little far for the people that come here."

"Then I guess Newport Beach can't get much bigger, just more expensive?" he was asked.

"Correct—for the time being," the man said. "You see, counting Newport and Balboa Bay and all the eight islands in the two bays, we've got a little over 18 miles of waterfront property, and that's all used up. But in five or 10 years we'll be developing the upper bay. That's all Irvine Ranch Co. property up there, and it is being developed into a fabulous new community under the supervision of Architect William Pereira. There will be a campus of the University of California and for its use a 2000-meter rowing course that will take as many as six eight-oared shells abreast. The whole area will be at least twice this size in another 20 years."

Suddenly you remembered about the man from Pasadena who owned a 60-foot yawl. Last winter he was telling some people how he found it cheaper to keep the boat in Italy than nearby Newport Beach. "It costs me \$1.50 per foot per month to tie it up at one of the marinas down in Newport," he said. "That's more than \$1,000 a year. For that amount of money my wife and I can fly to Italy and back and take our summer cruise over there in the Adriatic. I don't know how people can afford to live in Newport and Balboa anymore."

FOR NEWPORT BEACH TRAVEL FACTS PLEASE TURN THE PAGE



NEWPORT BEACH TRAVEL FACTS

STAYING THERE: Newport Beach is primarily a residential area, but there are two excellent motels. The Jamaica Inn, overlooking the Newport Bay area in Corona del Mar, has 100 spacious rooms, two swimming pools, tennis courts. Summer rates (May 27-Oct. 1): posh double rooms \$18 or \$20, rooms overlooking the pool \$14 or \$16, patio rooms \$20. The Newporter Inn, which opened in April, overlooks the Newport Dunes playground, the Back Bay, all of Lido Isle, Balboa and the Coast Highway. There are two pools, a nine-hole golf course, water skiing, and boats for hire. Each of the 115 rooms has its own private balcony facing the Pacific or the pools. Summer rates for a double room, ocean-side, are \$20 or \$22; poolside \$18 or \$20. Winter rates for both motels drop by about \$5 a room. The Newporter Inn has four private villas as well, each with its own pool and terrace, which go for \$100 a day in summer, \$75 in winter. Seasonal housing, when available, comes cheaper: anything from \$400 to \$2,500 per month for an apartment in the June-through-August season.

PLAYING THERE: The only golf course within Newport Beach city limits is the private Irvine Coast Country Club, which has exchange privileges with many country clubs in southern California. There are two public golf courses in Huntington Beach, one in Santa Ana, one in San Clemente, and a nine-hole course in Laguna Beach, all less than 30 minutes' drive from Newport. Newport Beach will build an 18-hole public course within the next two years. There are plenty of public tennis courts. Boats and surfboards can be rented by the hour, the day or the week, and there is no shortage. A skiff to go fishing in the bay costs \$12.50 a day, including motor, gas and bait. Fishing off the dock at the Pavilion costs \$1.50 a day, including bait, and the Balboa Pavilion Co. will rent tackle for \$2 a day or \$1 a half day. Next to the Pavilion there is a small fun zone with all the games a kid ever heard of. All benches on the ocean side of Balboa and Corona del Mar are open to the public, and there are three public beaches on the bay side of Balboa. Lido Isle has no public beaches.

DINING THERE: In the southern California tradition there are some very fancy restaurants where \$20 won't cover the duck for two, and there are plenty of 19c hamburgers, too. One of the plushiest restaurants is Karam's, Newport Beach, which serves a highly recommended duck bigarde (\$12.50 for two, to be ordered in advance). Weekend reservations should be made by Wednesday. The Stuff Shirt, Newport Beach, is—despite its name—an excellent steak-and-chop house (flaming saddle of lamb, \$5) in a neo-



From water to its arches, the Stuff Shirt restaurant was inspired by the architecture of the Doge's Palace in Venice.

Venetian décor. The Hurley Bell, Corona del Mar, serves a healthy fillet mignon steak sandwich for supper at \$2.95, and children's dinners are half the price of the entree. The Newporter Inn serves excellent pastries. Christian's Hut, now located next to the Jamaica Inn, is well known for its Polynesian dishes. The Pavilion's new restaurant overlooks the boating activity in Balboa Bay. Berkshire's has the best view on Lido Isle. There are two good places on the Coast Highway: Reuben's, Newport Beach, has a porterhouse steak, cattleman's cut, at \$4.35; Robert Hill's Chef's Inn, Corona del Mar, is an excellent all-purpose family-type restaurant with good food at reasonable prices.

MOVING THERE: No matter where you look for property in Newport Beach the price is high and available land is scarce. On the oceanfront of Balboa, lots run around \$100 per front foot, but on Lido Isle the going rate is \$3,500 per front foot for a bay-front lot with dock privileges. Inside lots—beach privileges but no view—go for \$800 to \$900 per front foot. If you want a bay lot with no dock privileges, you might be able to score up a piece of property for around \$2,000 per front foot on fashionable Lido Isle. **END**





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NEW SHOES: The Stag (far left) in softest glove leather is \$11.95. Count Imperial (far right) is Don Carter's personal choice, \$14.95. The quality low-priced men's shoe is the Lancer, black or bone, \$7.95. Pacesetter II in glove leather is \$9.95. Ladies can step into fun in the new suede Sprite, \$8.95 or hand-laced Navajo, \$13.95. The gay Pixee in blue, red, camel or charcoal, is \$7.95. Slim Skylark, \$6.95. Nassau (also in white), bowling's first sneaker style, \$4.95!



Clifford Ann Creed is a slight southern miss who doesn't look tough enough to unnerve a mockingbird, but she has frightened some tigerish foes with a show of determination reminiscent of Hogan

LADIES' GOLF GETS A LITTLE BEN

by GWILYM S. BROWN

The biggest, toughest, sharpest thing in women's amateur golf this year is the little, placid, downy southern peach at left. Her name is Clifford Ann Creed. She comes from the Spanish-moss-and-gum-tree country of rural Louisiana, the kind of place where water moccasins abound but championship lady golfers do not. She weighs about as much as a two-iron, cuts once a week or so and has been known to dance a dandy twist when her golf is going well. But she would also be likely to twist a dandy's neck when it is going badly, a fierceness of attitude that her opponents are fast learning about, to their very considerable dismay.

"Clifford Ann," says Anne Quast Decker, the two-time winner of the Women's Amateur championship and a competitor who has scorched a few opponents herself with her golfing aggressiveness, "is a female Ben Hogan. She is so determined that she puts you on edge. She is one of the two women that I least like to play against. [The other: long-hitting JoAnne Gunderson.]"

Whatever happens during this week's Women's Amateur golf championship in Rochester, N.Y.—and match-play golf is as unpredictable and treacherous a way of settling an issue as a pistol duel—this has been the year of Clifford Ann. A tournament winner at 12 who seemingly gave up the game at 18, she has returned at 23 to put on an astonishing display of successful golf. Since last January she has won four important amateur events, including the North and South and the Southern Amateur. She

has been the low amateur in three open tournaments, including the Titleholders and Women's Western Open, and two weeks ago she helped the U.S. to its overwhelming victory against Great Britain in the Curtis Cup. During this eight-month period she has won 29 of her singles matches, while losing only four.

Not that Clifford Ann, her off-course charm and her you-all drawl were completely unknown prior to this summer. In 1957, while an undergraduate at Lamar Tech in Beaumont, Texas, she won the Southern Amateur and the women's amateur divisions of those two mad-cap championships that were put on by the late George S. May at Tam O'Shanter in Chicago—the World and the All-American. She has also long had an impressively compact, efficient and masculine golf swing that produces surprising distance for somebody who stands 5 foot 3 and weighs 110 pounds with a driver in her hand.

She learned the swing from her father, Clifford Creed, a lean, small-town golf professional who gave his daughter part of his name and taught her his game. She still lives with her family in a bungalow adjoining the Rapides Golf and Country Club, just north of the farming and lumber community of Alexandria, La., where her father is the pro. The club itself is modest, pleasant and southern middle-class—as are the Creeds. A visitor there feels he has arrived at a golfing outpost, a small oasis of the sport so unreservedly backcountry that it could never be touched by, or contribute to, the national golfing scene. He can sit in

the clubhouse, be offered a can of Jax beer and meet Carl Rylee, the circulation manager of the *Alexandria Daily Town Talk* (circulation 24,966). Rylee is also president of the Southern Outboard Racing Association, which holds its annual championship on nearby Lake Fort Buhlow. He is an outboard man. "But the Southern Outboard championship is only the second biggest thing that has happened around here," he quite openly confesses. "The biggest is Clifford Ann Creed."

Little Clifford Ann has been big around Alexandria since she won the city women's golf championship at the age of 12, only one year after Cliff Creed began teaching her.

"I never had to work much on her swing," he says. "She just took to it naturally, like she did to every kind of game. When she first started out, her swing was too long and I had to compact it, but that was all. I'd stand behind her when she practiced, holding out a club. If she swung back too far she'd hit the club and I would make her start all over again."

Clifford Ann had to develop an unusually sound swing to make up for her size. The same year she won the city title she went to Shreveport to play in her first state championship. She weighed only 75 pounds, but she was as eager as a puppy when she bounced onto the first tee with her ball and her driver. She was in for a shock.

"Little girl, little girl, you better get away from here," scolded the official starter, apparently expecting a player in

continued

a championship event to be a slightly more substantial specimen. "Clifford Ann Creed is supposed to tee off now."

"But I *aw* Clifford Ann Creed," she remembers protesting, on the verge of tears.

As she grew older (and the least bit bigger) she proved she could be tough as well as tearful. In high school, in Alexandria and then in Opelousas, where her father was a club pro from 1953 to 1959, she played on the girls' basketball team, averaging a solid 18 points a game. ("She could make a hook shot with either hand," claims Cliff Creed.) Then, at 16, she entered her first major golf championship, the Southern Amateur. Despite an exceptionally strong field, she shot the lowest qualifying score, a par 72. She defeated the defending champion and six-time Curtis Cup player, Polly Riley, in the quarter-finals before losing in the semifinals by one hole.

"Everybody was certainly surprised," says Clifford Ann today, smiling at the recollection, "but I wasn't. At 16 I thought I could beat them all. I wasn't scared of anybody."

Apparently she still isn't. A couple of years ago she was playing in an exhibition event in Beaumont with Bob Hope, whose golf game can be as professional as his humor. On the last tee Hope flexed his ego and bet Clifford Ann a dollar that he could outdrive her. Their drives were very close. She claimed he lost, but he didn't think so and didn't pay up. Clifford persistently kept after him, and Hope, just as persistently, denied he had lost the bet. Finally she cornered him backstage at a show he was giving in town that night and demanded her dollar.

"Oh, all right," said Hope, and handed her two 50¢ pieces.

"No, I want a dollar bill," persisted Clifford Ann. She now carries in her wallet, as testimony to her tenacity, a dollar bill on which is inscribed a personal message for those she might show it to: "It's a lie. Bob Hope."

This is only one of the many souvenirs Clifford Ann has collected playing golf.

The Creed attic fairly sags at its beams from the weight of more than 100 trophies. In 1955 she captured the first of her six Louisiana state women's titles. In 1956 she won the Western Junior championship, defeating JoAnne Gunderson in the finals 3 and 2. Three weeks later she lost to JoAnne in the finals of the National Junior. In 1957, in addition to winning the Southern and the two George May events, she reached the fourth round of the National Amateur



DAD AND DAUGHTER, GOLFING CREEDS FROM ALEXANDRIA

for the third year in a row, losing to Barbara Romack on the 20th hole. This was a severe disappointment to her, but Clifford Ann was only 18 and seemed on the verge of a career as one of the country's finest women golfers.

Then, like a wisp of smoke on a breezy day, she vanished from the national scene. She was gone so abruptly, in fact, that a story circulated that she had run afoul of the United States Golf Association's rigid amateur code and had lost her amateur status. This rumor has been vigorously denied, not only by Clifford Ann, but by the USGA as well.

"I felt bad because I hadn't made the

1958 Curtis Cup team," explains Clifford Ann. "But the main reason I dropped out of big-time competition was that I wanted to work hard at college and get through with it."

Following graduation in 1960 she took a \$3,650-a-year job teaching physical education at Scott Brame Junior High School in Alexandria. But a year later she made up her mind to resume tournament golf on a full-time basis. This decision not only interrupted her teaching career, it also scuttled plans for a November wedding.

"I knew after I'd finished playing in the Trans-Mississippi last August that I had to prove to myself that I could win," she says. "When I got back home I told my fiancé that we shouldn't get married until I got golf out of my system. But he wasn't a golfer. He didn't understand about golf. So our engagement was called off."

By last January, after another four months teaching at a high school just outside Lake Charles, La., she had saved more than \$2,000. She quit her job and joined the Florida winter circuit to get her game in shape for a spring and summer bid to make the Curtis Cup team. She won the very first tournament she played in, the South Atlantic Amateur, and has been winning ever since.

The fact that Clifford Ann is a gifted, ambidextrous athlete is certainly a factor behind her winning record, but her mental attitude toward tournament golf is very likely a more important factor still. She has an approach that is not going to let the high drama of what she

is doing interfere with the mechanics. It comes as a surprise to hear such a grim outlook explained by such a superficially buoyant young lady.

"I got a certain amount of pleasure from winning, of course, but essentially winning means nothing to me," she says. "What does mean something is losing. I hate to lose a match. Winning doesn't make me happy. I just get mad at myself when I lose."

It is difficult to determine whether the stern thought is father to the victorious deed, or vice versa, but such an attitude is not unknown among habitual winners. Jack Nicklaus admits to having felt the

same way when he was the unbeatable man of amateur golf. Talking about it brings an embarrassed smile to Clifford Ann's face.

"Maybe you're thinking that if winning is no fun and losing makes me miserable I should quit golf," she says. "Well, maybe you're right but I guess I don't quit because I just have to prove myself this way."

It is certainly a fact that defeat makes her as prickly as a cornered porcupine. She lies awake at night for hours after a losing match, playing over every shot again and again. She denies the story, however, that after losing to Marge Burns in the quarter-finals of last February's Palm Beach amateur she marched furiously into a hotel bar and downed eight consecutive Martinis.

Clifford Ann, the somber tigress on the golf course, can nonetheless be Clifford Ann, the hon vivant, off it. Her face relaxes and her green eyes become gay and flirtatious. She is a member of the Church of Christ, which looks askance at such debilitating pastimes as smoking, drinking and dancing. But Clifford Ann will have an occasional drink, smokes a package of cigarettes a day and is reputed to be the best jitterbug south of Natchitoches. Once, during the International Four-ball in Hollywood, Fla., she hopped up on a table in the golf club's crowded grill room and did the twist, just because one of her table companions bet her a dollar she would not do it.

While there does not seem to be much doubt that this energetic young girl will be winning many more golf tournaments, there is some doubt about what she will be winning them for—pride and a trophy, or a check and her daily bread. Clifford Ann's savings will be just about exhausted by the time this week's Amateur is over. The women's professional tour is offering increasing rewards to young, talented golfers who crave tournament golf but cannot afford to enjoy it as amateurs. Clifford Ann is undecided.

"I think I could stand up to it," she says. "I think I could finish in the top 10 in every tournament. But I also think the tour is harder mentally than physically. I just don't know if I could take that kind of life."

No matter what way she decides to pursue her career, don't bet her a dollar that she won't succeed. She never loses that kind of bet.

END



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One freckle-faced redhead to another



Don Budge, shown at left when he became the only male ever to win four top tennis titles in a row, recalls his 1938 Grand Slam and wonders whether he'll have to share it with Rod Laver (right)

There's an old tradition in baseball about not mentioning the possibility of a no-hitter while the game is going on. So maybe it's tactless of me to mention the fact that Australia's redheaded Rod Laver seems on the verge of winning his fourth major tennis tournament this year—i.e., of becoming the second man to win the Grand Slam (Australian, French, English and U.S. Championships). Since I am the only man ever to achieve this feat up to now, I must admit I'm interested in Rod's attempt. Also I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't admit that I feel mixed emotions about another

freckle-faced redhead sharing my coveted title. I've become pretty attached to having the Grand Slam all to myself for so many years.

Some people have asked me, "How about it, Don? Can Laver do it?" Someone who plays the game, as I have, with so-called orthodoxy, can be a bit baffled by some of the "badminton-type" placements Laver makes for winners. It's a different style, but, needless to say, most effective. He's a wristy-type player like most of the recent Australians—Hoad and Fraser, for example. But Rod seems to have unusual control and ver-

satility with his shots. I have to admit that, as a tennis player, Rod can do everything.

Rod's competition in this championship will come from all over the world. But Rod's countryman, Roy Emerson, seems to be the only opponent who has a chance to stop him. Ken Rosewall robbed fellow Australian Lew Hoad of his chance at a Slam in the Forest Hills final in '56 with inspired play. But I don't think Emerson is as good a player as Rosewall, and so Laver's chances, in my opinion, are better than Hoad's were six years ago.

continued

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Even aside from the fact that he's marked as the man who can and should win, Laver will have a lot more Grand Slam pressure on him than I did. In 1938 there was no advance publicity about my title prospects. I made sure there wasn't. I never mentioned my goal to anyone—I didn't want any added pressure. It seems to me now that I was the only one aware of what I was trying to accomplish, and I know I didn't say it out loud to anyone until after I'd won the Forest Hills championship. Doubtless, Rod has been thinking about the Slam as much as I did, but he has the added problem of public awareness—a factor that can rack the nerves. The press, tennis buffs and sports fans in general are especially attuned these days to record making and record breaking. Perhaps everyone was as aware of my Slam ambition as I was—but if they were they didn't mention it to me.

Years of concentrated effort were necessary for me to win my Grand Slam, but it might never have happened if my older brother Lloyd had not wounded my pride. I was known as "the regular" in my neighborhood in Oakland if there was any kind of game involved. Any kind, that is, except tennis.

Lloyd kept trying to coax me to the public courts because he loved tennis above all else and was constantly in search of anything on two legs that could hit a ball back (even a younger brother). My enthusiasm was all for team sports—baseball and football particularly. Lloyd cajoled and enticed and threatened me with little effect until he finally found an allure that was hard to turn down: brand new tennis balls. White fuzz on new tennis balls can be very seductive. They cost, they bounced, they felt good and they meant something very special to a kid generally restricted to bald floating spheres that had seen better days.

Still, I was reluctant to practice enough even with the new balls. Then one day at the dinner table, with the whole family present, Lloyd said I was "plain lazy." He went on to explain to the family that I had a talent for tennis but wouldn't practice, that I really should be entering the California state championship coming up in a week for boys 15 and under but that there was no use in doing so because I wouldn't work on my game.

"Plain lazy" rankled me more than anything ever had before. I, who was always up and out, toting that basketball,

lifting that bat and trying to catch that football.

Bushrod Park in Oakland provided the nearest public tennis courts, and I must have established a record for time spent there during one week. From sunup until it was almost too dark to see, I played with anyone who came along, and when no one did, the backboard got my action.

After seven days of this I entered the state championship, my first tournament. To my amazement, I won my first match. I ran across the street to a drug store and called my mother. I said, "Hey, Ma, I won!" I did that every day except after the finals, when I ran all the way home with the trophy. After that Lloyd didn't have any trouble getting me to play. I was hooked.

The future

Many tournaments later, another statement rankled enough to give me new impetus and bigger ambitions. I was 18, and had just won the national junior championship. This time it was the great Bill Tilden, the dean of tennis and a hero in my eyes, who stabbed my pride. Tilden said, "The future of American tennis rests with Frankie Parker, Gene Mako and, possibly, Don Budge." It was the "possibly" I couldn't accept, and I felt a fierce determination to "show him."

Sometimes the determination to "show" somebody can spur you to reach heights you never thought you were capable of attaining. But as time goes along, and you gain confidence, it becomes a matter of showing yourself. The goals get bigger, that's all.

During the early '30s, U.S. efforts to bring the Davis Cup back home had been consistently frustrated. In 1932 Ellsworth Vines, in my opinion the greatest player of all time when at the top of his game, had won at Wimbledon yet failed to lead the U.S. Davis Cup team to victory over the French. In '34 Sidney Wood and Frank Shields beat Australia but failed to win the cup from England. Wood and Shields had both been Wimbledon finalists three years before. In 1937 my turn came. I had won Wimbledon, and the question was whether I could help my country wrest the elusive Davis Cup from the British.

Playing against Germany in the Interzone Final, I found myself down two sets to love in the fifth and deciding match against Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the great German champion.

The matches stood at 2 all. Unless I won this match, the U.S. would once again lose its chance. Because of the times, the match was full of international implications, similar to those in current U.S.-Russian competitions in sports. Just before we went out to play, Adolf Hitler phoned Von Cramm to wish him the best of luck. Von Cramm and I went at it for five grueling sets, lasting three hours and 40 minutes. When it was over, Germany was beaten and only the British team stood between us and the cup.

That match took more out of me than I realized at the time. During the following two weeks, before we were to meet England, I awakened every night in a cold sweat, reliving the moment when I was behind in the fifth set 4-1. I was emotionally depleted. Although the goal of regaining the Davis Cup was now within reach, I found it difficult to recharge myself for the crucial contest. The coming competition against England seemed almost anticlimactic. As much as I wanted to win every match, I was tired mentally and found every excuse to feel sorry for myself when things didn't go my way. I didn't play as well as in previous Davis Cup matches, and I hated my own attitude. I couldn't seem to shake it off. But I finally won the battle over myself, and we won the battle over Britain. The Davis Cup came home with us—Frank Parker, Betsy Grant, Gene Mako and Walter Pate, our captain.

That year, 1937, after returning the cup, I played Von Cramm at Forest Hills and beat him in five sets, to win the U.S. National Championship. Five thousand people were turned away from Forest Hills that day as a result of the excitement engendered by our return of the cup and the close match I'd had with the Baron in the Interzone round.

The next year, 1938, was the vital one. Without announcing my intentions, I decided to try for the Grand Slam. I outlined for myself a strenuous fitness campaign. Instead of taking enticing trips to the French and Italian Riviera, South America and the Orient, I stayed home, worked to improve every stroke and to condition my body. I did knee bends and stomach exercises. Every day I climbed the steep Berkeley Hills. Eventually I got to the point where I could run up the Hills and then run down again. I recommended this stern regimen to all ambitious youngsters who want to get to the top in sports. The importance of training can't

be overestimated as insurance against the unexpected—and that year the unexpected came to me in a big way. I developed a variety of seemingly unrelated ailments. In Australia one morning I picked up the phone, and had no voice. For three days I carried pencil and paper in order to communicate. Despite the discomfort of voicelessness, I won the championship against John Bromwich in straight sets.

In France I came down with an intestinal disorder just before the finals of the French championship. Somehow I struggled through to win. Later, at Wimbledon, beating Bunny Austin for the championship, I was again reduced to the pad-and-pencil routine.

Rain

Back in the U.S., it was time to defend the Davis Cup, and suddenly I acquired all the aches and pains associated with flu. After this ordeal, I got just what was needed to clear the whole thing up—a toothache. The dentist who removed the tooth explained that a toxic abscess had been poisoning my whole system, and had caused all the other ailments which had been going on for the better part of a year. Three days after the extraction, my health problem was licked.

At last, it was Forest Hills. I had the three championships under my belt, and I really wanted that fourth one.

During the night just before the final match was scheduled I had insomnia for the first time in my life. I thought about all that had led up to this moment, and how I'd concentrated every ounce of energy on this one goal.

Next day it rained.

It rained the day after, and the day after that. Naturally, my tension boiled with the delays. It rained and rained for six seemingly endless days. Each day I had to try to key myself up and then force myself to relax when the match was postponed.

Finally, in the stadium against Gene Mako, I won the first set 6-3. Gene, always a threat, came on strong in the second set and took it 8-6 (the only set I lost in a championship final that year). The next two I won 6-2, 6-1. The goal I'd been striving for was mine. It was over almost before I knew it. After the presentation, I phoned my mother in Oakland and said, "Hey, Ma, I won!"

I hope Rod will be able to say the same—at least I think I do.

END

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The summit chase of an organization miler

Jim Beatty, with the help of the Los Angeles Track Club, ran two brilliant miles in Europe, but he missed a world record

Getting to the top these days is not so much a climb for mountaineers as it is an exercise in pyramidal logistics. A large expedition, growing smaller as it moves base camps higher, heaves and strains to place, ultimately, one man on the peak.

For almost a year now the same technique, with necessary variations, has been used by the Los Angeles Track Club. Entering as a team of four in the same race, say the mile, they take turns pacing each other through the first three-quarters, then look to one man for a record. The man in every case is Jim Beatty, and the record, twice during the past fortnight, has been Peter Snell's world mile standard, 3:54.4. In London and Helsinki, just three days apart, Beatty ran two magnificent miles—the two fastest ever run by an American—but at the end of both he was still searching for fulfillment. Even for an organization miler, passing Snell was becoming as frustrating an experience as climbing Mount Everest.

The Los Angeles Track Club, coached by Mihály Igloi, had gone to Europe frankly in search of records, but from the start a cloud seemed to attach itself to the party. Before the first race at 2,000 meters in London, the heavens opened wide. Beatty, with Jim Grelle, Bob Seaman and the aging László Tabors, found himself splashing around in ankle-deep water. It was typical English fare, like fish and chips and tea. Doughty Yorkshire runner Derek Ibbotson squashed to victory while the Americans, all except Seaman, earned themselves a scathing press by dropping out after two laps for fear of pulling muscles. "Inexcusably bad sporting manners," snorted the *London Daily Herald's* Peter Lorenzo.

It was also wet in Oslo, the next stop,

but there, on a heavy track, despite several days of missed training, Beatty managed 3:39.4 for the 1,500 meters, the best recorded time this year. At Avranches, France, where rain had saturated the track, too, Beatty next clocked 7:54.2 for 3,000 meters. The time, 1.4 seconds short of Gordon Pirie's recognized world record, has been bettered by only three men.

Remarkable as these races had been, it was the mile Beatty and Igloi were interested in. Back in London, the rain finally held off. It was cloudy but warm and Beatty privately was beginning to talk of a "miracle mile." Igloi, whose training methods are so mysterious that Seaman stopped writing down his workout schedule because it didn't make any sense to him, was as inscrutable as ever, but one sensed he was thinking of a record, too. "Any country I can make good runner," he explained to reporters. "Everybody said the American runner is lazy, don't work. Now the American distance runner is the best in the world." Only British track expert Norris McWhirter was doubtful. He firmly predicted 3:56. "Beyond that," he wrote, "you are delving into the realms of human possibilities."

When the Los Angeles team came to the starting line there were a few boos, the residue of bad feeling from before. It quickly drained away. The run was one of the finest ever seen, although Snell's record remained tantalizingly intact.

Igloi wanted a scorching 55-second first lap, a 1:56 half and a 2:55 three-quarter. What happened instead was that Seaman, who led at the first quarter as

BREAKING U.S. record in Helsinki, Jim Beatty finishes 20 yards ahead of Jim Grelle.



intended, clocked 57.9, and those three seconds were never made up. Grelle led the second lap, hitting the half in 1:58.3, and Beatty took over at the third, in 2:58.8. On the last part of the backstretch Grelle moved in front again. Beatty shot around him at the finish of the turn and beat Grelle by two yards and two-tenths of a second in 3:56.5.

As if for a moment sand had stopped running through an hourglass, three other runners followed Beatty and Grelle under four minutes. An Englishman, Stan Taylor, came third and Bob Seaman fourth, both clocking 3:58. Another English athlete, Mike Berrisford, was fifth in 3 minutes 59.2 seconds. Only the Dublin mile in 1958, when Herb Elliott set his record of 3:54.5 and four other men cracked four minutes, can compare with it. Beatty's time, like his 1,500-meter mark in Oslo and his 3,000 meters at Avrancheles, set a new American record. "If somebody had jumped at the last lap," says Beatty, "it might have been different."

The team flew to Helsinki, where Igor said, "After London race, maybe somebody tired. But I think everybody O.K." Everybody was. The plan for the mile was similar to that at London. Seaman was told to do a 55.5 first lap, Grelle 60 or 61 on the following quarter and Beatty to get past the three-quarter mark in 2:56.

Conditions were excellent that night. At the gun, Seaman leapt away, but he was so anxious that after 220 yards he lost contact with the other runners. "I didn't want to screw up a record attempt," he explained later. He whipped past the quarter in 54.6. Grelle then went to the front and ran an immaculate second lap, hitting the half in 1:55.4. Beatty, as planned, was first at the three-quarter mark, but he was a fraction slow in 2:58. His real mistake, though, seemed to come in the middle 200 yards of the last lap. He slowed up too much, and despite a surging finish in the last 100, he was not fast enough to beat Snell's record. His time, 3:56.3, was two-tenths of a second better than his London mile. He was now the fourth fastest miler in history. Grelle came second in 3:58.8, and Finland's Olavi Salonen third in 3:59.1. Beatty marched back down the track, needing desperately to know what he had done. "What did you get, what did you get?" he kept asking anyone who might have clocked his time. And then he knew that his personal Everest was still beyond him.

END

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Hands to pass a holiday

A little work is fitting for a long Labor Day weekend, so I offer you a summer bridge quiz. No ultramodern conventions are involved. Sound, simple bidding will produce a satisfying score for you. If your total is 60 or less, brush up on your game. If it is 70, you can hold your own in most company. A total of 80 means you will do well anywhere. If you get a perfect score, why don't you call me sometime?



1 As South you hold:



East opens with one diamond. What do you bid?

2 As South you hold:



NORTH 2 NT
EAST PASS
SOUTH ?
WEST

What do you bid?

3 North-South vulnerable, North opens with four hearts. As South you hold:



What are you bid?

4 Both sides vulnerable, you are South and hold:



NORTH 1 NT
EAST OBL
PASS
SOUTH PASS
WEST 2 ♣

What do you bid now?

5 As South you hold:



SOUTH 2 ♣
WEST PASS
PASS
NORTH 2 NT
EAST PASS
PASS

What do you bid now?

6 As South, vulnerable, you hold:



EAST 1 ♣
PASS
SOUTH OBL
WEST PASS
NORTH 3 NT

What do you bid now?

7 As South you hold:



NORTH 1♥ EAST PASS SOUTH ? WEST

What do you bid?

8 Both sides vulnerable, you are South and hold:



EAST 1♥ SOUTH 1♠ WEST PASS NORTH 2♣ PASS

What do you bid now?

9 As South you hold:



WEST 1♥ NORTH PASS EAST 2♥ SOUTH PASS

What do you bid now?

10 As South you hold:



EAST PASS SOUTH 1♥ WEST PASS NORTH 1♠ DBL

What do you bid now?

11 As South you hold:



NORTH 1♠ EAST PASS SOUTH 2♥ WEST PASS

What do you bid now?

12 Neither side vulnerable and as South you hold:



WEST 3♠ NORTH DBL EAST PASS SOUTH ?

What do you bid?

13 As South you hold:



NORTH 1♥ EAST 1♥ SOUTH 2♥ WEST 2♠ PASS

What do you bid now?

14 Both sides vulnerable and as South you hold:



NORTH PASS EAST 1♠ SOUTH 1♥ WEST

What do you bid?

15 As South you hold:



SOUTH 1♠ WEST PASS NORTH 1♥ EAST PASS

What do you bid now?

16 You are South and have 60 part-score:



NORTH 1♥ EAST PASS SOUTH ? WEST

What do you bid?

17 As South you hold:



SOUTH 1♠ WEST PASS NORTH 1♥ EAST PASS

What do you bid now?

18 As South you hold:



EAST 1♠ SOUTH PASS WEST 1♥ NORTH PASS

What is your opening bid?

For the answers, turn page

THE BIDS YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE, AND WHY

1 DOUBLE—5 PTS 1 HEART—2 PTS.
2 HEARTS—1 PT

While you are interested in only one suit, no overall in hearts will adequately describe your hand. An overall of one heart is apt to be passed out, while a jump bid of two hearts is now employed as a preemptive measure. After partner responds to the double, you will bid your hearts.

2 5 HEARTS—5 PTS 3 HEARTS—4 PTS.
4 HEARTS—3 PTS 4 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

This hand stands a good chance of producing five or six tricks and consequently is on the verge of a slam. You indicate such a holding by a big jump in hearts. Our own preference is for five hearts. However, the situation may be handled by first responding with three hearts, intending to leap beyond game on the next round. As a gentle reminder, partner has promised a high-card holding of 22 to 24.

3 6 HEARTS—5 PTS 4 NO TRUMP—4 PTS.
5 HEARTS—2 PTS.

There is no scientific way to handle this situation. It's simply incumbent on you to exercise your sporting blood. Try six hearts. You surely have 12 tricks if the defense does not cash two diamond tricks at once. There is a reasonable chance that diamonds will not be led; if they are, there remains the hope that partner has a singleton.

4 DOUBLE—5 PTS 2 NO TRUMP—2 PTS.
2 SPADES—1 PT.

Well, poor fellow, is in dire straits. North has at least 16 points. East presumably 16, and you have seven. A penalty double is money in the bank.

5 3 SPADES—5 PTS 6 DIAMONDS—3 PTS.
4 CLUBS OR 4 DIAMONDS—1 PT

There is no doubt in your mind that you can make six diamonds, but even a partner who has denied strength may hold the king of spades. It is suggested you look for that card by bidding three spades—an obvious cue bid. If partner holds the king it will be his duty to bid four spades, in which case you can undertake a grand slam.

6 4 NO TRUMP—5 PTS 5 NO TRUMP—4 PTS.
4 NO TRUMP—3 PTS 5 HEARTS—2 PTS

Clearly, East has tossed a red herring across your trail. Your partner could have shown a strong hand by jumping to two no trump. His jump to three shows a hand of even greater value. We would be inclined to chance a direct slam bid but surely would bid at least five no trump.

7 2 CLUBS—5 PTS 3 CLUBS—4 PTS.
4 NO TRUMP—3 PTS 3 HEARTS—1 PT.

Your hand, worth 17 points in support of hearts, is too good for a three-heart response, for which the limit is 16 points; not quite good enough for a jump shift, requiring about 19 points. You must improve a temporary bid, and the recommended call is two clubs. If partner shows any signs of encouragement you will look for slam.

8 5 SPADES—5 PTS. PASS—2 PTS.

While we normally do not like to override partner's decision, we are inclined to go on to five spades, not merely because there is grave danger their contract will be fulfilled, but because there is a reasonable chance we may make five spades. This much is certain, the loss at spades can hardly be severe, but if we should err on the side of permitting the opponents to play the hand, the loss can be staggering. A five-spade bid amounts to holding the middle of the road.

9 PASS—5 PTS 3 CLUBS—2 PTS.
3 SPADES—1 PT

This pass may appear to be a symptom that our blood is thinning, but we prefer to believe that it is evidence of good business sense. You can hardly hope for game. It appears that partner merely doesn't want to let the opponents run off with a bargain. If it were his purpose to go places, he would have acted immediately over the opening bid of one heart.

10 REDDOUBLE—5 PTS. PASS—3 PTS.
2 CLUBS OR 2 DIAMONDS—1 PT

Despite the fact that you have only one spade, the redouble is an order for your high-card strength should enable partner to fulfill his contract, even with the weakest set of hand. It is not likely that the opponents will let the redouble stand, but you have now told partner the strength of your hand. When your opponents take out to two diamonds or two clubs you will have requested the next opportunity to speak, and a penalty double should prove highly profitable.

11 3 DIAMONDS—5 PTS 2 NO TRUMP—3 PTS.
13 NO TRUMP—2 PTS 3 SPADES—1 PT.

No convenient rebid is available. A mere return to two spades is inadequate. A jump to three spades is not attractive with such a meager trump holding. We would temporize with a bid of three diamonds. If partner proceeds to three no trump, we relax. If he rebids hearts, we return to three spades. If he rebids spades, we go to four.

12 PASS—5 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—3 PTS.
3 DIAMONDS—2 PTS

While a game is probably available to your side, it will be difficult at this level to find the best contract. In view of your club holding, the pass should prove quite profitable.

13 PASS—5 PTS 4 DIAMONDS—3 PTS.
3 SPADES—2 PTS.

Despite the great length of your diamond suit, you should not rebid, and no, we have not forgotten that partner opened the bidding. The void in partner's suit, plus your abundance of spades, suggest the advisability of checking out. Partner apparently did not like your diamond bid, because he refused to reenter the auction. His side strength is almost surely hearts. Let that bid roll around to him. He may have some punitive ideas on the subject.

14 3 NO TRUMP—5 PTS 2 SPADES DR
DOUBLE—3 PTS 5 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

While there is a remote chance that your side can make a slam, partner's pass and the opponent's vulnerable opening bid have had a dampening effect. If partner has nothing (not a remote contingency), even a game contract in diamonds will be out of reach.

15 PASS—5 PTS 5 SPADES—2 PTS.
5 CLUBS—1 PT

You have already done your full duty by this hand and should not be unduly influenced by distributional features you have already described. Your hand is minimum as to high cards, and you may assume that partner is on notice that you may have a six-five distribution.

16 PASS—5 PTS. ANYTHING ELSE—0 PTS.

It is our practice to go to great lengths to keep the bidding open with an advance part score, but this would be going too far. Complications too often set in after South's "sporting" bids of one no trump in situations such as this. Partner has received no warning and tends to carry on the fight against the expected competition, to his great disaster.

17 4 NO TRUMP—5 PTS 2 SPADES—4 PTS.
4 HEARTS—2 PTS

Since there can be little concern about the texture of the trump suit, the only pertinent factor is the number of aces held by partner. If he has three, a grand slam can hardly be missed. If he has two, a small slam should be a cinch. If he has but one, five hearts should be safe. Thus the Blackwood four no trump.

18 A TRUMP—5 PTS DIAMOND K—3 PTS.

Rather than first taking a look with the king of diamonds you must start getting out dummy's trumps so declarer will have less opportunity to ruff spades. When you get in with a diamond, you will lead another trump in an effort to continue your sabotage. **END**

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The 90-day war of the money

Racetracks competing for the best of the 2-year-olds have raised record purses as bait

Not long ago the 2-year-old season was a relatively simple affair. The Hopeful at Saratoga established the proper form for the Belmont Futurity, which was both climax and finish of the campaign. Today the season begins in January and runs through November, and if many of racing's traditionalists deplore this fact they nonetheless are right in there with their horses all the way—because the pots are incredibly rich. Competing tracks have now turned the period immediately following the Hopeful into a 90-day money war.

On Sept. 8 the Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago offers \$350,000; the same day Atlantic City offers \$100,000. Then come the Del Mar Futurity, The Futurity at Aqueduct, the Cowdin, the Champagne, The Garden State and, finally, the Pimlico Futurity. This adds up to nearly \$1.5 million in purses, undoubtedly a record for 2-year-olds. It also sets up a challenge for one of the sport's standards that many believed would never be approached. In 1947 Calumet Farm parlayed the talents of Citation, Countdown, Armed, Bewitch, Faultless, Fervent and 25 or so other horses to win \$1,402,436 in one season. With a bit of luck and those "baby" purses, the remarkably successful California combination of Owner Rex Ellsworth and Trainer Mish Tenney will come very close to Calumet's record.

Barely had this pair shipped into Chicago from Hollywood Park when they

won both halves of the Arlington-Washington Futurity Trial last week with Space Skates and Candy Spots. Another Ellsworth horse, Bag Kim, was fourth in one division, and the following day still another, Three Links, was third in his Futurity warmup.

Ellsworth's and Tenney's prominence on the Chicago scene and elsewhere is hardly an accident. Ever since he surprised the racing world with Swaps in 1955 Rex Ellsworth has made no secret of the fact that he intends to become the world's winningest owner. He has spent a fortune buying the best mares available, and he sent the majority of them to stallions like Khalid, Nigromante and Toulouse Lautrec. His gamble so far has put him at the top of the list of winning owners, with nearly \$850,000 this season already, and he is now almost odds-on to go over the million mark.

The master plan

However good his 2-year-olds are, Ellsworth will not have things all to himself in this field, if only because he has chosen to return to California after Chicago rather than come to the rich eastern races. Next year it may be different. Following his own master plan for U.S. conquest he will be racing on at least three fronts. "Some day," he told me a few years ago at his Chino, Calif., ranch, "I'll bring a division to New York. But I won't go there until I'm good and ready to win races—lots of them, too." He must think 1963 is the year, because he has already applied for 40 stalls for the entire New York season beginning next March. At the same time he'll race in California and in Chicago and, as is his custom, he'll send a few platelets to win some walking-around money for him at Caliente.

But all that is next year. The search for this season's 2-year-old champion went off in exciting fashion in last week's \$117,550 Hopeful. Before it, all the talk concerned the two lukewarm favorites, Greentree Stable's Catullus and Patrice Jacobs' Bonjour. Some others in the 12-horse field came in for mild compliments, but almost neglected in the general scuffleblast was Catullus' running mate, a beautifully put-together number named Outing Class. For good reason, too. Outing Class had run only twice, finishing fifth in his first start, then winning on August 17 against rather ordinary opposition by two and a half lengths. What everyone overlooked, however, was that Outing Class was

perfectly bred (by Greentree) to win the East's first "extended" sprint of six and a half furlongs. He is a dark bay son of Nasrullah, and his dam, Truck Medal, is a full sister of Swaps.

If Outing Class had gone to the post without his entry mate, Catullus, he might have turned up on the tote board at 20 to 1. As it was, the Greentree pair were 6 to 5. After a quarter of a mile, when Outing Class trailed his field by 13 lengths, he looked more like a 100-to-1 horse. Then some strange things started happening. Bonjour, Catullus and Crewman, all of whom had been dogging the pacesetter Alabama Bound, threw in the sponge. Crewman and Bonjour simply quit running as they turned for home, and Catullus gave way after being soundly bumped by Almanac.

Alabama Bound, Fred Hooper's Olympia colt, seemed a cinch to steal the whole thing. But suddenly Jockey Donald Pierce and Outing Class roared out of the rack like a runaway steamroller on a Rocky Mountain slope. They won by nearly two lengths over Alabama Bound in the most impressive performance by any U.S. 2-year-old this year.

"Does he always run that way?" Trainer John Geyer was asked. "This is only the third time he's run, so I really don't know," replied Geyer, as surprised as anyone else. "All I know is that he's not temperamental like many of the Nasrullahs, but he won't do anything without blinkers. He loves them."

The Hopeful has been won by colts like Whirlaway, Native Dancer, Nashua and Jaipur, but it is too soon, of course, to call Outing Class a champion. Of last week's field, Catullus may be excused for his ninth-place finish. He may still go to Chicago for that rich futurity. Bold Commander, a handsome son of Bold Ruler, has the look of a colt who is bound to improve, and Final Ruling, another Nasrullah who came from way out of it to be third, also has potential.

The best 2-year-old colt at Saratoga may be one who never made it to the Hopeful. He is Cain Hoy Stable's Never Bend, who missed the race because of a sprained back muscle. If all goes well with him this week Owner Harry F. Guggenheim probably will ship him to Chicago. There are other names to remember, too, like Delta Judge, Rash Prince, Jet Traffic, Y Flash and Not. Two dark horses that were impressive at Saratoga are Scythe and Big Brave. The weeks ahead will be rewarding for some of them and exciting for all.

END



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The Premier golf course in Longview, Texas will never be selected as a U.S. Open site for reasons which do not whamper for explanation. At the same time, the short, piny nine-hole layout is not the easiest ever conceived for man or midget.

Every hole has a tight boundary separating it from the Premier Oil refinery or from a cluster of pine trees or an east Texas road or a field. It has greens that make a trading stamp swagger with bigness. It also has tees, grass, flags, bunkers and rough. It is, in short, a legitimate par 70 golf course, although the kindest adjective for it might be sporty.

To score well at Premier one must drive the ball very straight because of the boundaries, hit approaches and chips with finest caution and, as on any course, sink putts. Last week Homero Blancas, one of the most promising young players in the nation—amateur or professional—did all three and shot the lowest competitive round in the history of U.S. golf.

Blancas birdied 13 holes and eagled another for a 15-under-par 27, 28-55, a totally shocking and peculiar figure that doesn't sound like the score of any game at all and looked to sports page readers like the funniest typographical error since Eli Girba started pitching

The occasion was the final round of the 72-hole Premier Invitational, a familiar event on Texas' vast summer circuit for amateurs—the same circuit that for years has been preparing the Hogans, Nelsons, Demarets, Burkes, Maxwells and Cupits for a larger audience.

The Premier course measured 5,002 yards for the 18 holes of Blancas' incredible journey. He began the round five strokes out of the tournament lead after believable scores of 69 and 70 and an extraordinary 62. He won by five after he had finished hitting 17 greens in regulation figures, chipping in once for his eagle and taking only 20 putts.

Blancas is one of those University of Houston golfers who have contributed to Coach Dave Williams' six NCAA team championships in the past seven years. A 24-year-old Mexican, he is five feet 10, weighs 180 pounds, can hit the long ball and innocently says in a voice that reminds you of a young Desi Arnaz, "It doesn't scare me to make a lot of birdies."

Paired with a teammate, Fred Marti, at Longview, Homero didn't believe the score he was shooting. "I was just trying to win," he said. "Fred told me I was six under after six, and I said, 'That's not right.' I figured it up and I was wrong. Later he told me I was 12 under through

14, and I argued with him. But I added it up and he was right again."

Blancas, who won the Southern Inter-collegiate and was runner-up to Houston teammate Kermit Zarley in the NCAA finals, finished his round with the flourish of a 40-foot birdie putt on 17 and a gummy birdie on the par 5 18th. He mysteriously missed one birdie putt of two feet and made only one long putt, the one on 17. Most of the birdies ranged from eight feet in. On all of the par 4s at Premier his long and accurate drives left him no more than an eight-iron approach, and usually a wedge.

"It is wise to take out the driver on only four holes there," Homero explained. "On the other holes you ought to drive with an iron to stay in bounds."

"I used to hit a long, high hook," he added, "and I thought it was smart to try and hit a shorter iron to the green than anybody else. But now I've shortened my backswing, so I hit straighter."

It was three years ago at the Masters that Blancas was first talked about. The speaker was a fellow Houston resident, Jimmy Demaret.

Demaret was bragging about a handsome boy, the son of a maintenance man at Houston's fashionable old River Oaks Country Club, who could give most amateurs two strokes a nine and win,

Said Jimmy. "I've seen a lot of young hotshots, but this kid can really play. I'd like to back him on the tour right now." So would a lot of other people, according to Houston Coach Williams, and they were standing in line for the opportunity long before Blancas shot the 55.

"The kid has been working at golf since he was 8," says Williams. "He's a terrific all-round player, with more good shots than any college boy I've ever seen. And we've had some excellent ones."

Despite the Premier course's strange measurements, Blancas needed a wide avowment of his "good" shots there than anyone might suspect. To fully appreciate his achievement, one need only consider how he played the course. (The distances are approximate, as different tees are used on each nine.)

The first hole is a 325-yard drive and nine-iron that he birdied twice, the second, a 475-yard par 5 that he played with a daring shortcut drive and eight-iron, chipping in for an eagle and paring, the third, a 210-yard par 4, where he used an iron and wedge for two birdies, the fourth, a 100-yard par 3 that he birdied twice with a nine-iron, the fifth, a 350-yard par 4, where he drove with a long iron and wedged for one birdie, the sixth, a 105-yard nine-iron or wedge shot that he birdied twice; the seventh, a 310-yarder, where he used a driver and wedge for one birdie, the eighth, a 165-yard par 3, where he hit a six-iron for one birdie, and the ninth, a 500-yard par 5, where he used a driver, four-wood and chip for two birdies.

Many of Texas' finest golfers have played Premier over the past years, but Blane's round was five strokes better than anyone had ever scored there before. Jacky Cupit, who grew up near by, held the previous record at 60.

As of now, Blancas' main concerns are trying to qualify for the U.S. Amateur at Pinchurst and getting his degree at Houston. But a pro career is undoubtedly his destiny.

Last weekend he was asked if he patterned himself after any pro.

"My idol, I suppose, is Ben Hogan," he said, "but I don't think anybody will accuse me of swinging like him."

It was Hogan who first stirred the imagination several years ago by suggesting that it was not only physically and mentally possible but reasonable to expect a man one day to score 18 straight birdies. So far, Homero Blancas has come as close as anyone. **ENR**



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It started as a private joke in Nebraska, but soon the whole world was following the progress of a handful of cowboys across the badlands and prairies of the Midwest, en route to the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. For good reasons of their own, Europe's military experts were especially interested in the results **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

Standing on the balcony of the Blaine Hotel in Chadron, Neb., a thousand miles west of Chicago, Jim Hartzel pointed a pistol into the air and said earnestly, "Boys, the hour is now arrived for the cowboy race from Chadron to Chicago to start." Nine horsemen, all in a belligerent mood, were lined up before the Blaine Hotel. "I trust you will take good care of your horses," Hartzel continued, for the benefit of two humane society officials who were trying to stop the race, "and I know you will conduct yourselves as gentlemen and uphold the good name of Chadron and the State of Nebraska."

Then he fired the pistol. It was 5:33 on the evening of June 13, 1893. The regimental band of the Ninth U.S. Cav-

alry began to play; some 3,500 spectators lining the street leading out of town broke into cheers. To the astonishment of the journalists present, the riders started at a walk. "There was no grand dash," wrote the reporter for *Harper's Weekly*, the leading national news magazine of the time, "no spurt at the start. The horses ambled off."

The nine riders, who included one nationally famous gunman, Doc Middleton, a mysterious newcomer known as Rattlesnake, a stagecoach driver and six cowpunchers, moved out of Chadron together and jogged along the road past Pine Ridge, southeast of town. Barely on speaking terms, the racers kept together to the town of Rushville. It was after dark when they arrived. Middleton, a sinister-

THE GREAT 1,000-MILE RACE



looking character in boots, jeans and a white sombrero, his black beard tucked into the handkerchief around his neck, stabled his two horses, Jimmie and Geronimo, and registered at the Rushville hotel to get a good night's sleep. After some hesitation John Berry, the stagecoach driver, did likewise, followed by the others, with one exception. Joe Gillespie, a genuine cowboy, gray-haired, extremely fat but light on his feet and a gifted rider, went on through Rushville and slept in the open with his horses. He was the first away in the morning. . . .

What became known as The Great 1,000-Mile Cowboy Race actually began as a joke. Emmett Albright, a Texas cowboy living in the town of Crawford, not far from Chadron, cooked up a gag that 300 cowboys were going to race across the prairie to the Chicago World's Fair. He planted the story in eastern newspapers with the aid of a newspaperman, never identified. In Albright's story the cowboys, on arriving in Chicago, would demonstrate range skills—riding, cutting out cattle, and so on. It was expected the show would attract thousands to the Union Stockyards.

Upon seeing their gag in print, Albright and his news-

paper cronies improved on it. Various portly businessmen in Chadron and elderly farmers living around the countryside were pictured as eagerly enrolling to ride to Chicago. It was printed that Jim Hartzel, the deadliest shot in Nebraska, was certain to enter. Jim was the town fire chief. Another contender was Win Satterlee, described as "a daring rider and great favorite on the range." Win was the 11-year-old son of the owner of the Blaine Hotel.

The livery-stable sophisticates of Chadron were convulsed; it was the funniest thing that had ever happened to the town. Then letters began to pour into Chadron from all over the world. The jokers had unexpectedly touched on one of the hottest subjects in military and humane-society circles. In the preceding fall the German and Austrian cavalry had staged a Berlin-to-Vienna endurance race—360 miles—that turned into a ghastly parody of a military exercise. Of the 230 horses in the race, more than 30 died or were disabled. One fell off a bridge, and others were kept going by injections of morphine. The German officers held back, hoping to let Prince Frederick Leopold, the cousin of the Kaiser, enter Vienna first; Leopold, whose horse broke down after 11 hours, kept the animal doped for the remaining 74 hours. An Austrian, Count Starhemberg, won the \$5,000 first prize with

continued

FROM CHADRON TO CHICAGO!

Illustration by GEORGE COLEMAN



COWBOY RACE continued

an elapsed time of 71 hours 20 minutes, but his horse died.

Most of these horses were Thoroughbreds, but many of the best performers were wiry little Hungarian horses of uncertain ancestry. In England, where the poor showing of the German cavalry was a revelation, there was a movement to find new sources of cavalry mounts, and General George Benjamin Wolsley (he became Sir George) was investigating the use of western cow ponies. General Wolsley was a veteran of heroic reputation dating from the Indian Mutiny and an aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria. More important, he was the younger brother of Viscount Wolsley, who helped create the modern British army. So all Europe was following the news from Nebraska.

Albright and his friends were stunned to find their thousand-mile horse race being taken with the utmost seriousness. The Chadron newspaper sternly editorialized that in the future local pranksters should keep their jokes to themselves. But interest had mounted to the point where a public meeting was called in Nelson's Opera House to discuss the race. A first prize of \$1,000 was raised. Buffalo Bill wired from his Wild West show at the Chicago fair that he would add \$500. He had been queried by General Wolsley about shipping range horses to England for the cavalry. A race committee was set up, and rules were worked out. Only western cow ponies could be used, and only two horses to a man, with ordinary 35-pound range saddles, the saddle and rider to weigh not less than 150 pounds.

Some mighty strange cowboys entered. Doc Middleton was the former head of a gang of thugs known as the Pony Boys who had terrorized northeastern Nebraska, across the state from Chadron. His pal, Kid Wade, had been lynched, the gang had been broken up and, after serving a jail term,

Doc had become respectable, settling down as a Chadron gambler.

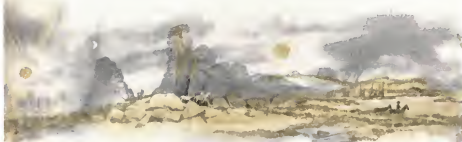
The day before the race was to start, an unknown who called himself Rattlesnake Jim Stephens arrived in Chadron with two fine horses, saying he had ridden 500 miles from Kansas in 11 days to enter the race. He looked like a dime novel character, with his hatband of rattlesnake rattles.

Emmett Albright was prevailed upon to enter. He couldn't get out of it, since the city fathers were grimly announcing that the whole thing was his idea.

These spectacular figures overshadowed the genuine cow-punchers in the race—Dave Douglas, a teen-age rider, old Joe Gillespie, Joe Campbell from Denver and two South Dakota boys, George Jones and Charley Smith.

Almost as the horses were lining up, John Berry entered the race. Berry came about as close to being the classic figure of the western good man—opposed to the western bad-man—as was possible for a creature of flesh and blood. He was slight, soft-spoken, modest, hard-working, intelligent and kindly. His reputation as a hero stemmed from the fact that he had kept the mail stage running to Fort Niobrara during the Indian wars, which lasted until 1891 in the country through which he drove the stage. Since he had no suitable mounts of his own, he rode the horses of Jack Hale, a South Dakota rancher: Sandy, a bay gelding, and Poison, a magnificent 5-year-old stallion that was a mixture of Kentucky Thoroughbred and western range stock.

Doc Middleton and his cronies immediately withdrew from the race. They refused to ride if Berry rode. They said he was disqualified because he had helped the race committee plan the route. The start was delayed all day. Berry finally agreed to forfeit the prize if the judges ruled against him, in order to get the race started. So Doc Middleton



came back in, but with the conspicuous bad feeling of a notoriously dangerous man.

Early in the morning of the second day of the race Joe Gillespie heaved his 185 pounds on Billy Mack, his chestnut gelding and, leading his gray, Billy Shaffer, headed into the hills east of Rushville. The route ran due east through the Sand Hills, a desolate extension of the Dakota Badlands, to the first control point at Long Pine. In wet weather travel through the Sand Hills wasn't so bad, for the roads and trails packed hard, but in the summer the dry sand dragged heavily. The hills were like desert sand dunes, but thinly covered with grass. They shifted constantly under the wind from the Rockies. Big bare sandy hollows, known as blowouts, formed between the hills. The whole terrain was an enormous sponge, soaking up rain and rivers and releasing the water in isolated pockets and valleys.

In midmorning Doc Middleton and Rattlesnake Stephens, riding hard, passed Gillespie, who, however, kept them in sight. Middleton was riding as if evading the law, which in fact he had often done in the Sand Hills. He had a hideout almost in the middle of them, where the famous Sand Hills bird sanctuary is now located. Middleton's strategy was simple: he was going to ride the others out at the start of the race, relying on his private knowledge of this unknown region. He was willing to burn out one of his horses, since he planned to be so far ahead he could get through the easy country of Iowa on Geronimo alone.

Where he stopped on Wednesday night and Thursday night is not recorded. At 4:45 on Friday afternoon he rode into Long Pine—phenomenal time in view of the nature of the country. But Gillespie and Stephens were still keeping

up with him. Forty-five minutes later Emmett Albright rode up to the control point. The others were scattered halfway across the Sand Hills, Berry in last place. If anyone knew the Sand Hills better than Middleton, it was Berry. He had been the first homesteader there, a place now called Johnstown, not far from Middleton's hideout. Berry certainly did not try to make speed through the sand. He walked his horses, often walking with them. He never used a whip or a spur. Instead of racing in bad terrain, he used the time to win the confidence of the horses, thus letting strange mounts become thoroughly familiar with him at the start of the race. Beyond the Sand Hills, and before Long Pine, the road entered steep, wild, wooded hills and the fossil-filled canyons around Bone Creek. Here Berry also rode slowly. He was nearly a day behind the leaders.

Middleton was away early on Saturday morning. The headquarters of the Pony Boys had been in nearby Bassett, at the Martin Hotel, and Doc wasn't popular around there. He pounded on through Stuart and Atkinson to O'Neill, the second control point, 59 miles from Long Pine. His strategy seemed to be working: Dave Douglas dropped out of the race at Atkinson; he had worn out one horse trying to catch Middleton in the rough country and wouldn't go on with only one mount.

Beyond O'Neill the road ran over level country, where limitless acres of wild hay were harvested commercially each fall, the old stacks standing like small mountains beside the road. Middleton continued to ride hard, checking in at the third control point, Wausa, 58 miles beyond O'Neill, and driving on toward Coleridge and Sioux City. John Berry registered at O'Neill 13 hours after Middleton.

At Coleridge, Middleton left his horse Jimmy, who had begun to go lame. He started from there at 5 o'clock in the

continued



COWBOY RACE continued

morning, jogged slowly but steadily all day, making four stops to feed Geronimo, and at 7:30 in the evening came to the Missouri River opposite Sioux City, where a large crowd had gathered. As the cheers rose, the outlaw doffed his white sombrero and waved it in triumph. "I am a little tired," he said, "but will get over it with a good night's rest. My horse is in good condition, and I believe I am a winner, even if I have but one horse."

While he was talking Joe Gillespie galloped up on Billy Mack, still leading his fresh horse Billy Shafer. To Middleton's astonishment, the fat man was in fine shape and in good spirits and said he would be first in Chicago. The *Chicago Tribune*, which was now carrying news of the race on its front page, said, "Many practical horsemen who saw his mounts share his opinion." Before Middleton had grasped the fact that Gillespie was barely behind him (and with a fresh horse) he had another shock: Rattlesnake Stephens rode up. But there was worse news for the outlaw. Only an hour and a half behind the leader, John Berry arrived at the river at 9 o'clock.

Middleton never got over his astonishment, chagrin and hurt pride. Disregarding outlaw ethics, he whined, complained and charged everyone with trickery. Early next morning Gillespie and Stephens started ahead of him. Before Middleton was under way Berry crossed the river and hurried on into Iowa, willing now to ride ahead of Middleton. Forty miles from Sioux City, Rattlesnake Stephens had to leave his horse Nick. He tried to keep up with Gillespie, with only one mount, General Grant, and did so for a considerable distance: Gillespie and Stephens both checked into the control point at the little town of Galva, Iowa, at 6:45 on the morning of June 21. Berry was exactly one hour behind them. All rested there briefly, Berry leaving

10 minutes ahead of the others. In the 66 miles to Fort Dodge, Stephens passed Berry, to arrive 20 minutes earlier.

Torrential rains had started. Berry was again nursing his horses, traveling more slowly but keeping up by taking shorter stops at night. Between Fort Dodge and Cedar Falls—99 miles—Berry again got the lead, but they were all close together. As they approached Cedar Falls, Stephens and Gillespie both passed him, arriving half an hour earlier. Berry continued to ride another three hours, bedding down at about 10 that night.

The race was now nationwide news. The *Chicago Tribune* reported that Middleton, the best known of the racers, was hopelessly in last place. There was a curious and unexplained fear that foul play would stop Berry. The *Tribune* reported that his horses were guarded at every stop: "The greatest care was taken to keep the crowd away from the animals, and there is a rumor current that an attempt will be made to poison them." Another Chicago paper sent a reporter to Waterloo, Iowa to accompany the lead rider on a bicycle. But local wags spoiled this bit of journalistic enterprise. A weary rider on a jaded nag posed as a racer and was whisked off by the reporter to a hotel for dinner. He filled the reporter with imaginary tales of his exploits while the real racers passed through town.

Joe Gillespie had stuck with Rattlesnake Stephens ever since leaving Rushville. Now that Stephens had only one horse, Gillespie relaxed. Coming into the town of Manchester, Iowa, 43 miles before Dubuque, he was startled and pleased by the sound of music in the streets and found himself riding into a circus parade. A picturesque character, and now a popular favorite, Gillespie was persuaded to join the parade. As he believed himself safely ahead, he then went to the circus, where he entertained the crowd by



riding a trick mule. He then resumed his solitary ride through the checkerboarded farm country.

But both Berry and Rattlesnake had passed him. Berry crossed the Mississippi River bridge at Dubuque, nearly 800 miles from Chadron, at 12:30 Sunday afternoon, June 25. Rattlesnake crossed at 2:30, Gillespie 20 minutes later. However, this was Rattlesnake's last effort; his only horse, General Grant, was playing out, and now he fell back.

Berry did not know where the others were. He was no longer eating, partly because of the time required, partly to keep down every ounce of weight. New rainstorms struck, and Joe Gillespie, who had no coat, began walking, tying his horses together and leading them. Somewhere around Stockton, Ill., about 40 miles toward Chicago from Dubuque, Berry decided to ride straight through. He reached Freeport, Ill. at 7:20 in the morning, Gillespie coming in at 9:45. Unexpectedly, one of the South Dakota boys, Charley Smith, rode up with two fine mounts, Dynamite and Red Wing, just as Gillespie was leaving at 11:30, and left with him.

Berry rode the 68 miles to De Kalb in 12 hours and 20 minutes. He left there on Poison at 10:50 in the morning, an hour ahead of Gillespie and Smith, in darkness and rain so heavy he could not see the road. Humane society officials were now riding in buggies, accompanying each racer. Berry stayed close to his escort. Gillespie and Smith, however, left De Kalb suddenly, and when the agents assigned to them discovered this and tried to leave also, they found it impossible to hire carriages, and Gillespie and Smith went on without surveillance.

Berry did not stop for feed and water all night. At 7 in the morning he saw the smoke of Chicago and began to worry about the effect that stone roads would have on his

horse's feet. The morning grew hot, and at suburban Heywood he stopped and gave Poison a spoonful of water. He finally entered the city on Madison Street, which was already becoming crowded with morning traffic. At California Avenue he turned into John Boulevard, asking his way of bystanders. Berry's jeans were mud-covered, his features were red and swollen and he was barely able to hold up his head. His eyes were puffed and red from exposure. People stared at him with their mouths open and waved him on. He hit Ashland Avenue and then 22nd Street, after which he reached Michigan Avenue and easily went on to the fair grounds.

A tremendous crowd filled the street in front of the entrance to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Traffic was stopped. A small boy atop a telegraph pole saw the lone rider approaching and let out a yell. A mighty cheer rose from the crowd as Berry jogged up at exactly 9:30 in the morning.

Colonel Cody ran out to greet him, saying, "Berry, old man, I'm glad to see you! How do you feel?"

Berry replied in a hoarse whisper that couldn't be heard. He slowly lifted his leg over the saddle, stepped down and fell to the ground. He put his hand over his eyes, probably, said the *Chicago News* reporter, because they were swollen from lack of sleep. The cowboys of the Wild West show led Poison to a stable under the grandstand, treating "the noble animal" like a sick infant. They rubbed his joints with liniment and wiped his mouth with a sponge. Berry meanwhile had recovered his self-possession. "I'm all right," he said, "but dreadfully tired." He had covered the thousand miles (set later at 1,040) in 13 days and 16 hours, the last 130-plus in 24 hours and the last 80 miles in nine hours and a half. Humane society veterinarians

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COWBOY RACE

examined Posson and pronounced him in fine shape.

"Western range horses," cried Buffalo Bill, "are the hardest and best horses for cavalry use on the face of the earth!"

At 11:13 Emmett Albright, fresh and rested, galloped up on Outlaw. By this time, however, no one took the joker seriously. He was charged with having stolen his horse on a boxcar in Manchester, Iowa and again from De Kalb to the outskirts of Chicago.

Berry was given a drink, slept for half an hour on a sofa in Cody's apartment and appeared at a luncheon Cody had improvised for horsemen and reporters. The crowd continued to grow all day, until the adjoining streets were impassable. At 1:35 the luncheon was interrupted by shouting—Joe Gillespie had just ridden up on Billy Shafer. The fat man was in excellent spirits, and his horse was in better shape than Berry's Posson or Albright's Outlaw. "He's the best horse I ever thrown a leg over," said Gillespie. "Give him a little rest and two quarts of oats and he'll throw off another fifty miles this afternoon."

Twelve minutes later Charley Smith galloped up on Dynamite. He smiled cheerfully, but "limped a little when he dismounted." Either Smith or Gillespie might have beaten Berry. But the road they took from De Kalb to Chicago was several miles longer than that taken by Berry. Giving the humane society official the slip was costly. He was so angry that when he eventually caught them "he was not disposed to keep the pair from going wrong" when they took a longer route into Chicago.

Rattlesnake Stephens, who had just arrived in De Kalb, waged his protest against giving the prize to Berry, but the race committee decided in Berry's favor. Middleton, who left Freeport 11 hours behind Berry, reached De Kalb five hours behind Stephens and George Jones. The outlaw had lost his spirit, nothing more was heard from him.

The great Chadron-to-Chicago 1,000-mile race was called the most remarkable feat of endurance of men and horses to be found in the record books.

There is some justification for the claim. The scheduled time of the Pony Express from St. Joseph, Mo. to Sacramento (1,980 miles) was eight days. Actual runs came to more than 11 days, though Lincoln's inaugural address was carried from St. Joseph to Sacramento in only seven days and 17 hours. But the Pony Express riders (Colonel Cody among them, in his youth) changed horses every 10 miles, and it was considered remarkable that they covered 75 miles a day. The riders in the cowboy race covered more than 70 miles a day every day for two weeks.

Had the race been carefully planned they could have made better time. But the control points were merely stations where humane society veterinarians examined the horses; otherwise, the cowboys found their own livery stables, feed and hotel rooms, or, like Joe Gillespie, slept in the open. These factors, together with the differences in the country traversed, made any comparison with the German-Austrian cavalry race academic. Yet it was obvious that as horsemen the cowboys surpassed the best of the European cavalrymen. In racing 360 miles the Germans and Austrians lost 30 out of 230 horses in a fair-weather cross-country ride. This was one-seventh of the total—pretty close to combat losses. The cowboys rode more than a thousand miles, much of the way through country as wild as could be readily found, killed no horses and brought some of them to Chicago in first-class condition.

What surprised the Americans about the German-Austrian race was the naivete of the Europeans. The German and Austrian authorities really thought their cavalrymen had done something wonderful. Here the distances from one town to another were so great that a ride of 360 miles was commonplace. A cowboy's horse was his most prized possession, if not his only possession, and to lose one on a ride from, say, Denver to Santa Fe (367 miles) would have stamped the rider as a lunatic. The cowboy race was a triumph in another sense. John Berry became a renowned frontier figure for his exploit. Doc Middleton, disappointed by the failure of his honest endeavor, returned to crime and died in jail in Wyoming.

210



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

It started like a typical AL week, with New York winning 21-7. Then, following a 13-inning loss to the Angels, came what may go down as one of the more prophetic quotes of the season. Said Manager Ralph Houk: "Just remember this: we could get into a 10-game losing streak." Before long, Roger Maris was hunting (unsuccessfully), Bill Stafford had a sore shoulder and Houk was 60½ night. The Orioles swept the Yankees five in a row, and the end was not in sight. One remark that will now become famous was addressed to Cleveland's Pedro Ramos. "Your shirt's dirty," Umpire Ed Runge told him. "Change it." Later Ramos was ordered to put on clean trousers and a new cap. It all came about, Ramos explained, because Ramos soiled his uniform with tobacco juice and sticky resin, which had a way of turning up on the ball. The Indians lost four of six but were glad to be alive. As the players were about to take off for Detroit their plane was almost hit by one that was landing. When it came to tales of woe, it was hard to beat Baltimore, which lost Ron Hansen (broken hand) and Milt Pappas (nose arm), in addition to Steve Barber (mononucleosis). But that was just the point. Somehow the Orioles were suddenly hard to beat. With Jerry Adair hitting .515 and Brooks Robinson .630, they won six of seven. Los Angeles dropped four of six and missed a big chance to gain on the Yankees. Chicago proved more opportunistic, picking up three and a half games in three days. With 17 of their final 32 games against second-division clubs and, more important, six against the Yankees, the White Sox dreamed fancifully that they still might overtake New York. Detroit, sustained by 16 homers, squeezed over the 500 mark for the first time in six weeks. Kansas City got .444 hitting by Norm Siebern and was concluding its most successful month since July 1959. Jimmy Piersall of Washington was expected for arguing on the very first pitch of one game, but his teammates stayed long enough to win two of six. Don Rudolph became the first left-hander to shut out the Twins. Lee Stange of Milwaukee was the first right-handed starter to win in nearly a month. Buoyed by the belief that Camilo Pascual would soon take his regular turn again, the Twins were poised for the final month of the season. "I like to pitch at room temperature," Boston's Gene Conley said. He had to settle for typical Kansas City temperature (99°) but came

through with the team's only complete-game win. This, plus Carl Yastrzemski's .424 batting, helped the Red Sox close in on the seventh-place Indians.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

After Dal Maxvill of St. Louis hit his first major league home run his fellow electrical engineering graduate, Outfielder Charley James, marked the feat in phrases certainly foreign to baseball, and not too familiar to science. Declared James: "Maxvill intersects sphere on parabolic path of sphere at center of percussion on mallet." Bill White, who has a B.S. degree, finished a three-week spree with a .465 BA in National League hitting. Gene Oliver hit a two-run homer, then lamented, "We never win when I get the big hits. I'm always a bridesmaid." Last year's bridesmaid, Los Angeles, split six games and lost more of its shuffling lead. There was now real concern that Sandy Koufax, still out because of a blood-circulation difficulty in his left hand, may not pitch until 1963. At one point, doctors feared they might have to amputate a finger. Houston suffered from perforated gloves (nine errors) and anemic bats (.231 BA) as its losing streak reached nine. So inept were the hitters that only 19 of 80 runners scored. Still, Manager Harry Craft said, "We've done pretty well when you consider we're playing nose to nose against the Cubs, a team that has been an existence for years." Coming face to face with facts, Milwaukee players realized they might finish out of the first division for the first time since the team moved from Boston. So Hank Aaron batted .348 and Warren Spahn won twice, pail-



LEFT-HANDERS who cooled were Phillies' Chris Short, who beat Dodgers; Jack Kruk of Twins, who pitched no-hitter against A's

ing the Braves to within one percentage point of fifth place. Dick Groat of Pittsburgh was hit on the nose by a careening grounder. For most of the week, however, it was the Pirates who hit the ball on its nose as they won six of nine. When it came to hitting, Chicago's Bob Buhl made no mistake when he chose to be a pitcher. He earned the Cubs their only two wins. As a hitter who had gone 0 for 46 batting night-handed, Buhl decided to try swinging left-handed. Now he is 0 for 49. A 12th coach, Mel Wright, was added, as Owner Philip K. Wrigley apparently decided coaches were cheaper by the dozen. One of the cheapest success stories of the year involved San Francisco's Orlando Cepeda. He was fined \$50 for not running out a grounder, and promptly hit five homers in five games. He had been hampered by a loop at the top of his swing and had hit only three home runs in four weeks. Following six losses at 11 road games, the Giants looked for Candlestick Park and their secret weapon—music by Del Courtney's band. When supported by Courtney, the Giants have played 885 ball, without him, 563. The sweetest sounds in Philadelphia came as five Dodgers broke bats vainly trying to get hits against Chris Short. The Phillies won five of eight and helped Gene Mauch get a contract for next season. "We got some guys with wonderful educations, but the ball won't go where their mind is," said New York's Casey Stengel in a hedgepodge of pained vernacular. As if on cue, Jay Hook (Northwestern graduate) beat the Dodgers, and Ken Mackenzie (Yale) defeated the Giants. Maris' Thronberry fans were leopon. One cluster wore T-shirts with the letters VRAM. Another carried banners saying "Cranberry, strawberry. We love Thronberry." Richie Ashburn rode onto the field to present Gil Hodges a golf cart. As he put-punted past the dugout, Ashburn yelled, "How do you stop this thing?" The big question was how to stop Cincinnati. Joey Jay and Bob Purkey each won twice and became 20-game winners. The Reds, victorious in 40 of 54 tries (1.741), gained two and a half games on the Dodgers. Things went so well that Owner Bill DeWitt bet on a bunch. Sure enough, the horse, named Victory Red, won. **END**

SLUGGING LEADERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE	AB	TB	PCT
Munich, NY	295	468	.569
Calvin, Del	480	756	.553
Kelley, Mass	443	724	.521
Wright, LA	452	741	.510
Cole, Del	429	717	.509
Conley, Del	424	719	.505
Stange, Del	417	707	.500
A. Smith, Del	414	707	.498
Mass, NY	400	741	.484
Robinson, Del	512	742	.482
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Robinson, Del	487	753	.643
H. Aaron, Del	452	709	.628
Spahn, Del	505	783	.600
Wright, LA	357	594	.571
Conley, Del	499	712	.545
Stange, Del	434	621	.538
T. Davis, Del	505	717	.532
F. Lee, Del	445	714	.526
Adair, Del	315	465	.524
Almon, Del	450	720	.523

Statistics through September 29, August 29

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOBBY AND THE BOLSHIES

Sirs:
Bobby Fischer's story (*The Russians Have Fixed World Chess*, Aug. 20) is most impressive. He should be congratulated for bringing this stunning fact forward. It makes novice players like myself realize that the Russian domination of world chess is not a true measure of their ability.

DOUGLAS W. GREEN

Delean, N.Y.

Sirs:
Although I don't always agree with his viewpoint, I think Fischer's article is straight to the point. For years the Russians have boasted of their many great players. The world's best, they said. Why, then, must they resort to such tricks to win?

DAVID MORPHY

Youngstown, Ohio

Sirs:
Fischer was beaten, not "conned," out of the Candidates' Chess Tournament.

W. MARCUS

New York City

Sirs:
Crybaby Chess Champion Bobby Fischer has grown up. His mother formerly cried for him; now howling Bobby cries for himself.

Let's face it, Petrosian and Fischer each won eight games, but Petrosian lost none while Fischer lost seven.

DONALD W. STEEN

Southbury, Conn.

BRAVE BONITO

Sirs:
Your fine article on *Brave and Brave Bass* (Aug. 20) again brings up the old matter of pound-for-pound fighting guidelines. May we once and for all lay this matter to rest—if that is possible—and state that the bonito are the toughest fish on a pound-for-pound basis. Taking bonito on light spinning gear is comparable to the "eyeballs out" strain of working a 500-pound bluefin tuna. This plain out-and-out power a bass just doesn't have.

JOHN W. STANTON

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

FISTFISTS

Sirs:
As the "indulgent dentist" referred to in the article "Mr. Boxing, Himself" (Aug. 6), may I elaborate on the story of the famous fighting fists?

Twenty-five years ago, while engaged in

making mouthguards for the men boxing around New York, and being interested in the sport, I decided to use my dental materials to make life casts of the fighting fists of our champions.

At the time we had records, pictures and photographs of the champions from the days of Jim Figg to the present, but no records of what made them famous—their fists. We now have over 100 such records in the form of casts.

WALTER H. JACOBI, D.D.S.

New York City

● See below.—ED.

WHIZZER AND ETHEL

Sirs:

Last Easter Sunday I had a firsthand look at some of that "vim and vigah" practiced and preached by our new frontier (Aug. 13). In the middle of the afternoon, during the annual holiday festivities at the Bobby Kennedy's Hickory Hill mansion in McLean, Va., Bobby gathered some of the most prominent figures in the United States to engage in one of those ever-popular touch football games. Several obscure football stars, better known as Senators, radioactors and such, took part. The distinguished competitors included: Defense Secretary McNamara, Interior Secretary Udall, Television Commentator Dave Brinkley and, of course, the Attorney General. But perhaps the most prestige was supplied by the latest draftee to the Kennedy squad, the newly appointed Supreme Court Justice, Byron (Whizzer) White. As the 18-year-old son of a New York reporter, I somehow mingled in with the active participants.

The original Kennedy style of touch football consists of an unlimited number of passes thrown downfield—regardless if you cross the line of scrimmage or not. A ludicrous score is common, but this wide-open offense keeps the spectators stirring and the players running. Whizzer and Bobby used these fast-moving tactics to their advantage and completely dominated the play. Whizzer even went so far as to baffle opponents, as well as observers, by installing some of the complex maneuvers acquired from the professional ranks. It was obvious, however, that the most remarkable performer was the peppy Ethel Kennedy, wife of the Attorney General. She ran and passed with the same comparative ease and agility as the rest, hardly typical of a mother of seven. Whizzer proved to be the master of the game by craftily and skillfully moving our team up and down the field, running up the score. With Whizzer and Bobby alternating running and passing, I was used sparingly as an end. However, I can proudly claim the distinction of snaring two of Whizzer's bullet passes.

The enthusiastic guests left the playing area panting but happy.

KEVIN HEALY

Chevy Chase, Md.

WILDFOWLING

Sirs:

We try continually to counter the erroneous impression held by some people that the National Audubon Society is "anti-hunting." Therefore it was with regret we saw the Society so described in your article *The Troubled Hunter* (Aug. 20).

As a conservation organization, the Na-

continued





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19TH HOLE continued

tional Audubon Society has never opposed hunting per se, although we have never hesitated to speak up when in our judgment hunting needed to be restricted or eliminated in order to conserve a species of wildlife. This is our policy with respect to all game birds and mammals.

The reason we recommend a moratorium on duck hunting this year is our concern for the resource. It is our firm belief that the safety of the waterfowl population, and even the future of wildfowling, require action now to check the decline of the breeding stock.

CARL W. BUCHHEISTER

New York City

Sirs:

Your excellent article certainly squares with my own views—except that I might go a little further and say that the federal count must be inaccurate.

I have shot over much of the United States, and I know that the duck count is not as bad as that portrayed by the bureaucrats in Washington.

H. G. SCHMIDT

Cleveland

Sirs:

This year the daily bag limit on ducks in Texas is two per day, only one of which may be a mallard, and the season lasts only 25 days. Mexico has set bag limits for a 3-month season at 15 ducks per day, and as I recall there are no restrictions as to the type of duck shot. Perhaps this is a part of the continuation of the good neighbor policy? We pay to raise the ducks so they can have their shooting fun!

R. L. MARQUESS JR.

Denton, Texas

CHANGED DON?

Sirs:

Your article on Don Drysdale (*Ex-Red Sox's Big Year*, Aug. 20) was a well-earned tribute to a man who has conquered many problems to become the finest pitcher in baseball today. You presented an unbiased view of Don's recent success as well as his recent dismal past. Thank you for a job well done.

MICHAEL MATTHAY

Los Angeles

Sirs:

We suggest you look at the evidence more closely before closing the case of Don Drysdale's Big Change. At his present rate—22 games won, 7 batters hit—if Drysdale wins 30 games this season he will hit at least 10 batters, a .333 average per game.

In short, Don Drysdale is one of the biggest reasons why nobody likes the Dodgers.

T. AND J. KOHLER

Cincinnati

Baseball Is a Mad Game

by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

In the fall of 1924 the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox played a series of exhibitions in London. Among the curious spectators was George Bernard Shaw, who was watching his first baseball game. Following are the great playwright's impressions as he recorded them for the London Evening Standard.

It is a noteworthy fact that kicking and beating have played so considerable a part in the habits which necessity has imposed on mankind in past ages that the only way of preventing civilised men from kicking and beating their wives is to organise games in which they can kick and beat balls. Hence cricket and football in England and baseball in America. Women beat their husbands and children for want of an energetic alternative.

Musical nations like the Irish resort to instruments of percussion to satisfy the irresistible impulse to hit something. The Ulster drum has saved many a Catholic from a broken head.

It was as a sociologist, not as a sportsman—I cannot endure the boredom of sport—that I seized the opportunity of the London visit of the famous Chicago Sioux and the New York Apaches (I am not quite sure of the names) to witness for the first time a game of baseball.

I found that it has the great advantage over cricket of being sooner ended. As far as I can grasp it, it combines the best features of that primitive form of cricket (the only tolerable one) known as Tip and Run with those of lawn tennis, Puss-in-the-Corner, and Handel's *Messiah*. And it surpasses them all (except Handel) in giving scope for the higher human faculties of rhetoric, irony and eloquent emotional appeal. Even those players who had no gift of eloquence expressed their souls in dihyrambic cries like the Greek *Evo!* Which sounded to me like Attaboy! I confess that I am not enough of a Greek scholar to translate Attaboy, but it is a very stimulating ejaculation.

What is both surprising and delightful is that the spectators are allowed, and even expected, to join in the vocal part of the game. I do not see why this feature should not be introduced into cricket. There is no reason why the wicket-keeper should not incite the bowler to heroic exertions by combined taunting and coaxing, or why the field should not try to put the batsman off his stroke at the critical moment by neatly timed disparagements of his wife's fidelity and his mother's respectability.

When I arrived on the ground Royalty, in the person of the Duke of York (I had rushed to the first game of the series), was doing its share of the daily task, the common round, by shaking hands with the carefully aligned and, so far, spotlessly clean Sioux and Apaches, who confronted Royal condescension with Republican fortitude. They were not proud, these heroes, and I shall never forget that Mr. McGraw, in whom I at last discovered the real and authentic Most Remarkable Man in America, shook hands with me. He even shook hands with the Duke. But though he was very nice to us, there is no denying that he played us both right off the stage.

The Duke, by the way, failed to catch the part of the game that reminded me of Handel. I do not know how it is in America, but in England the audience always stands up for the "Hallelujah Chorus." In America, during a game of baseball, it stands up for the seventh inning. And we all did stand up except the Royal party, which, not having been properly coached in the ritual, remained seated, a scandal that evidently made a most painful impression on the Americans present. Lest this should result in a war, may I assure the United States that it was an error of pure ignorance? The King will be present at the next match, and I have no doubt that if the President will write and explain what is expected of him he will rise reverently at the proper moment, and instruct the Lord Chamberlain to see that the Court does the same.

The British spectators were bewildered by the proceedings at first. The players began by playing without a ball, and with an Indian club instead of a proper bat. They varied this by imitating a slow-motion cinematographic picture. All this we in our ignorance took to be part of the celebrated but to us unknown game; and when the real play began we made no distinction, and innocently supposed that for some mysterious reason baseball was played partly without a ball and partly with one. The Indian club was a terrible stumbling block. We could not conceive any serious player using such a thing. As to the bowling, an English bowler would have been ordered off the field for it. The bowler began like a Highlander throwing the hammer, and then shed the ball with all his might straight to the wicket-keeper for a hard catch. The batsman incidentally swiped at it as it passed with his absurd club; and if, as sometimes happened, he caught it with a masterly drive to square-leg, everybody said foul (without the least foundation), and nothing else happened. But if he drove it back, then it was a case of Tip and Run and Puss-in-the-Corner, unless he was caught out, in which case we of England applauded heartily, as it was the only transaction in the game which was in the least intelligible to us.

I regret to have to say that the Sioux and Apaches played equally badly, for after extraordinary exertions their scores were 1 and 2 respectively. An English cricket team would have hit up hundreds with half the trouble. Either the Apaches or the Sioux—I forget which—managed at least either to hit up 3 or to fail to hit up anything, at which point they suddenly left in disgust for Dublin, and the cricket-trained Duke, who had been looking forward to the usual five or six hours' innings, slowly realised that the match was over, and, after some incredulous hesitation, rose and made for his carriage.

Still, it was a great occasion. The only regrettable incident occurred at an exciting and totally unintelligible moment in

continued



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A Mad Game

the game, when the champions who were playing Puss-in-the-Corner hurled themselves on the ground like runaway boys when a policeman overtakes them. An American next to me so far forgot himself as to shout, "This is better than the Birmingham Repertory Theatre." As this theatre is famous for its performances of my *Back to Methuselah*, I thought the remark unnecessary and in questionable taste. If any American can be so utterly heightened as to enjoy Puss-in-the-Corner more than my greatest play, he should, for the credit of his country, conceal that shameful preference instead of shouting it in the ear of Royalty and of the author.

But if an Englishman had shouted, "This is better than Lord's," I should have been disposed to agree with him. To go back to cricket after baseball is like going back to Shakespeare played in five acts with 15-minute intervals after seeing it played straight through in the correct Shakespearean way. Cricket is doomed by its "overs" as old-fashioned Shakespeare is by its acts. It is slow, stodgy and obvious. Baseball is swift, intense and (as to what it is all about) inscrutable.

Of course, many Englishmen may dislike it on that account. I once helped to establish a reformed country hotel where the villagers could get good beer for their money instead of the horrible stuff they were accustomed to. Far from appreciating my efforts, they complained bitterly that the process of getting drunk, which the bad beer prolonged cheaply and deliciously for hours, was precipitated by the good beer, which reduced them to insensibility in 30 minutes. Men of this stamp are capable of preferring a silent game which lasts from 10 to 6, and which consists mostly of changing over and going in and out of a pavilion, to an uproarious, impetuous, incessant, quick-firing whirlwind of a game that lasts no more than 90 minutes, that is, long enough to give you all the amusement you desire but not long enough to give you time to begin wondering which is the bigger fool of the two, the Apache who is whacking at a ball or you who are looking at him.

As I left the ground one of my courteous hosts expressed a hope that I would come again. When a man asks you to come and see baseball played twice it sets you asking yourself why you want to see it played once. That is an unanswerable question. It is a mad world.

END

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